WEEK ENDING SEPT. 27 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"The Wearing of the Green"

In this Issue: **WINNERS** *in the* **COMPOSITE DOG CONTEST**

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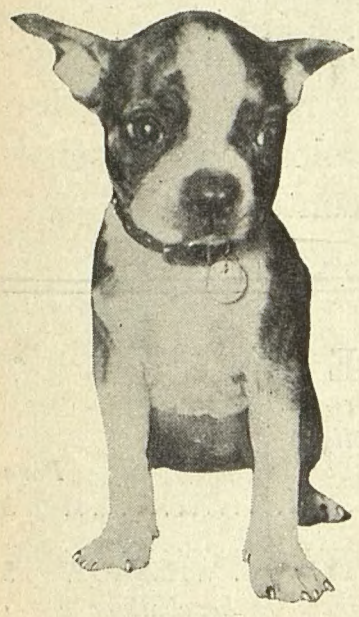
First Winners in Composite Dog Contest!



Liberty Is Pleased to Begin in This Issue the Publication of the Names of the Winners of

500 PEDIGREED DOGS

given as prizes in its recent Composite Dog Contest. More than 43,000 persons entered this unique and interesting competition, from all parts of the United States and Canada, England, France, and other foreign countries, even including remote Australia.

The list, printed below, contains the names of the first 166 entrants to be awarded dogs by the judges. The names of 334 winners have yet to be announced. If you entered the contest and your name ISN'T printed below, WATCH FOR IT IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

Kirkwood, George, 11036 109th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Can.
Gohl, Harry F.....339 Woodbine Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Bishop, Raymond....809 N. Lincoln St., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Bengis, Nathan L.....120 E. 109th St., New York City
Chaffee, James L.....524 Kenilworth Ct., Clinton, Iowa
Weeks, Alfred.....3644 W. 64th St., Chicago
Doyle, Frank J.....455 S. 17th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Welday, Audrey..874 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
Brooks, Mrs. Velma.....2420 Dowling St., Houston, Texas
Burbank, Maud.....
Tri-State Fairgrounds, P. O. Box 1011, Memphis, Tenn.
Henkrath, C.....339 Lawn St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
De Lano, H. C.....Canastota, N. Y.
Gorgeson, F. A.....Green Acres, Glen Ellyn, Ill.
Buskett, E. W.....310 E. 25th St., Joplin, Mo.
Brodner, Grace.....611 Garden Ave., Coeur d'Alene, Iowa
Lincoln, Benj.....292 Lyon St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Kaul, Marian.2856 Woodbury Rd., Shaker Hts., Cleveland, O.
Farmer, Mrs. J. F..1227 Chapman Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Martin, Florence.....171 W. 12th St., New York City
Kingsnorth, Neil.....401 4th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Mullins, J. W.....Berea, Ky.
Kirk, Helen.....1736 S. 9th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Curtis, H. J.....466 12th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Camas, Alex C.....67 Butler St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schleenvorgt, F.....213 Harriet Ave., Morsemere, N. J.
Brown, Myron L.....105 Maple Ave., La Porte, Ind.
Klonick, Mrs. Ed.....415 Adams St., Lewiston, Idaho
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Krause, J. E.....Carroll, Iowa
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Ferry, B. M.....184 Putnam St., New Haven, Conn.
Behr, Chas., D. W. W. Veteran.....
.....324 W. McMicken Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Selorke, Florence.....3740 Ward St., Chicago
Jackson, Brent C.....Denton, Texas
Crose, Carol K.....3023 W. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Snow, Ray.....2419 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Pullman; Marie.....514½ N. 22d St., Omaha, Neb.
Niblick, Chas. W..4122 Parrish Ave., Indiana Harbor, Ind.
Bell, Robert P., Jr....592 S. 17th St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.
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Freeman, F. W.....48 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.
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Yarman, Harland.....29 W. Tucker Ave., Shelby, Ohio
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Peel, F. W. Jr.....940 Hickory St., Texarkana, Ark.
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More Names of Prize Winners in Our Next Issue

WATCH FOR IT!

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SNOBBISHNESS.

Thackeray said that anyone would like to be seen walking arm-in-arm between two dukes. We cannot quote exactly, but Thackeray's idea is there. We all have a vein of snobbishness in us, for snobbishness is only a selfish desire for distinction, and perhaps if we followed that desire back to its deepest source we should find it an offshoot of the instinct of self-preservation. All of us might not be proud to be seen walking arm-in-arm with two dukes. Some of us might be snobbish enough to be ashamed of it, but the human being who did not feel pleasure in being recognized by a celebrity would show a lack of something deeply human. The celebrity might be President Coolidge or Mary Pickford or the headwaiter at the Ritz. The source of our response would be the same, the desire to be distinguished from the mass, if only by the reflected light of others' glory.

This is the least disagreeable aspect of snobbishness. Indeed, there is something to be said for it, since after all it shows that we do recognize the distinction of others. But it is a test of our intelligence as well as of our moral quality. We none of us may escape some taint of snobbishness, but the objects of our snobbishness throw a bright light upon ourselves and most of us are caught unawares at times, in an impulse of snobbery which we should like, the next moment, to forget.

The most familiar form of snobbishness is that which prevails in what is called "society." In reason it is sometimes hard to account for. Women suffer more from it than men, but only because society is more an affair of women's competition than of men's. Men who take society seriously are as snobbish as women and both react in a way astonishing to good sense. Women, who in worldly circumstance are entirely independent, yield deference to another woman who has no more intelligence, character, wealth, or other form of power than themselves. Tangible standards seem to be wholly ignored. Often it is a case of bluff, assurance, assumption on the part of the beneficiary. Often it is a more mysterious working of herd instincts clothed in fine linen. Rationally it is easy to see why in former times one might cringe before a baron who was one's liege lord, possessing "the high justice, the middle and the low"; that is, the actual power to make one suffer or prosper. In a social and political and economic system of class there were substantial forms of power before which it was discretion to bow low. But in a society like that of America social deference, save in the rare instances in which it is given to high qualities, is a strange survival.

When it is rounded out by what is called exclusiveness, the will to bar out or ignore others regardless of human merit, it is a phenomenon in our wholesome and sensible American life which deserves only contempt.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Broadway Bunk,

a delicious satire on chorus girls and such, by Walter Davenport. Something entirely different from Broadway —Liberty's new serial, called *The King of the Campus,* in which Horatio Winslow introduces as his hero, a lovable failure who captures your heart.

And that's not all. For there's an unusually exciting short story in which baseball, blood-thirsty savages, marines, and an American consul whirl to an astonishing climax. Be sure to read *The Umps,* by Richard Connell.

WALTER DAVENPORT

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Why a Wife Wanted a YEAR'S VACATION

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Friend Husband Breaks the Monotony of Marriage by an Occasional Business Trip. But How About His Helpmate? Isn't She Also Entitled to Marital Holidays?

NEWSPAPER readers were startled last Spring when Mr. and Mrs. John Seymour Winslow decided each to take a vacation of one solid year—he from the job of a husband, and she from the job of a wife. Editors all over the country have been trying to get Mrs. Winslow, who is a well-known writer, and author of the successful book, Picture Frames, to tell her story of the mutual vacation and how it worked.

Liberty finally prevailed upon Mrs. Winslow, after she had refused many offers, to write the accompanying story. There are some important revelations here from which all married people can profit.

No husband really appreciates his wife unless she is so far out of reach that she cannot sew buttons or pass him a cooling drink.

QUITE in the present day manner I am about to burst forth as an authority on something I know absolutely nothing about. However, unlike the modern prophets, having already admitted my ignorance, I cannot be expected to back my statements with long and seemingly profound quotations. I know no statistics and wouldn't quote them if I did. I haven't an idea about marriage conditions in the Micronesia nor the percentage of divorces on the east side of the Congo.

Some months ago I took a studio in town. A simple statement of a fact innocently enough conceived and accomplished. You see, my home, which includes a picture-book, ivy-clad stucco house, some flowering bushes, ambitious trees and two well kept mortgages, is in Kew Gardens, Long Island. Now winter is winter, Long Island is Long Island—and, anyhow, I don't believe that nature ever intended me for a commuter. A reticence and a hatred of unnecessary motion rather make me want to stay put. There are no late trains to Kew—not late enough, at least—and I've never had a watch that even approached keeping good time.

Literary duties—if I may use the phrase without fear of contradiction—made it necessary for me to be in town several evenings a week. I am referring to attending the theater as a sort of critic, but I do like to dance, if you mean that. Besides, I have had one husband for twelve years, and at the end of that time you rather get the idea as to what marriage is all about and are willing to accept almost anything as a temporary respite.

I believe I can state, both with and without fear of contradiction, that I am fonder of my husband than are the majority of wives I know—of their own husbands, I mean. I know only two who are fonder of mine than of their own. My husband and I quarrel constantly, which, I hear, is a normal and fair average. But we miss each other like thunder after more than a short separation. Which may or may not be usual, too.

So I took a studio in town. I had the walls done in silver and green, as per directions of the most artistic man I know, added some painted furniture and proceeded to Lead My Own Life on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, limited only by the more generally accepted of the Ten Commandments, my own rather mild ideas of what constitutes freedom and what my husband happened to be doing those evenings.

SUDDENLY, without having raised one of the often-referred-to fingers — though I'd raised both hands, frequently with less results — I became a Figure in the Public Eye. I found out, suddenly, what it felt like to be interviewed instead of the interviewer. I became used to newspaper photographers and no longer expected a picture in a public print to look anything like me. I'd been trying to do serious writing for years with only a mere and hurried glance from the press. Now, suddenly, my pearls of wisdom were asked for on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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all sorts of subjects, none of which I knew anything about. And here I am, telling what I know and think about Vacations for Wives.

AS I said in the first place . . . At present I have given up my studio in town, due more to the weather than to marital conditions. So, you see, I am vacationing in Kew Gardens with my own husband! At least, if doing your own cooking and most of your own housework and writing several hours a day, and having company in your spare time can, in any sense, be called a vacation. I can give a lot of advice about vacations—but I didn't seem to learn from experience.

Most women I know manage to achieve a certain amount of vacation without any attendant publicity. I'm proud to know them, even if I failed to imitate their methods. They are the clever ones, just as the wives who manage to get supported in ease and comfort are often cleverer than the wives who attain careers.

The average wife, after a certain amount of having dinner on time and seeing that Friend Husband's clean linen has all of the buttons on and that his golf socks are darned so that they won't run, gets right up and takes a vacation as her just due. She goes home to visit mother, if she is that kind of a wife, or goes to Europe, if she can afford to prefer that. It's just the poor little wife with several children, who really needs a vacation, or the independent woman, who has two jobs at one time, who never really gets one.

Men get vacations. You bet they do! They get vacations from work and from marriage, too. Nearly every man I know gets away on an occasional business trip—and who is to prove that he puts in every minute, outside of sleeping hours, on business? Besides, the man in business has a lot of outside divertisement always at hand. You know . . . neat little stenographers who just dote on their employers and understand things so well and sympathize because the little wife at home is such a dumb-bell. And business lunches that last two or three hours . . . to say nothing of fishing expeditions and a trip where "a group of us fellows . . ." You never hear of women belonging to evening card parties composed of women only, nor going in groups for ten days' fishing, all without a thought as to who is looking after the big husband.

Every wife needs a vacation. I'm convinced of that. She needs the vacation for her husband's sake if not for her own. No husband really appreciates a wife unless she's so far out of reach that she can't sew buttons nor pass him a cooling drink if he's been up late the night before and Eaten a Little Something that didn't quite agree with him. As for wives—can you imagine anything more delightful than not having to worry about what time your husband is going to get home?

There is this about vacations: they can last too long. Absence *may* make the heart grow fonder, but I think that refers to only a short absence. The cooling off process is rapid. You'd be surprised how easy it is to learn to do without even the most indispensable. There's no use, you wife looking for a vacation, to take one that is going to result in your husband handing you a vacation that will last forever. After all, most husbands are still simple enough to support their wives, and there is no use letting them get out of that seemingly stupid but quite pleasant habit.

I should say that the best vacation is about two weeks long. A husband can't forget a wife in that length of time—even if he would like to—and it's quite long enough for the wife to look around and find that all other husbands aren't perfect, and that she didn't do so badly, after all.

Really, it seems to me, a two weeks' vacation a year is pretty good stuff. Marriage is a job, you see, and a vacation from a job is a fine thing. The usual Lots of New Ideas! The average wife will find that her Wild Fling resolves itself into a few engagements with men who do not particularly interest her and who suffer by comparison, anyhow, and who are just a little bit afraid that she and her vacation are not as innocent as she has been making out.

In two weeks she can have just enough worries as to what Friend Husband has been doing and just enough jealousies when she finds he has not been spending his evenings all alone catching up with the old magazines. It will give her something to think about . . . and it will give Friend Husband something to think about, too.

Most of this talk about seeing each other when you're not dressed up and "letting your husband see you in the morning," is greatly exaggerated, it seems to me. None of the women I know let their corsets hang around, because they don't wear corsets. The few who wear reducing garments are only too eager to keep them out of sight. My friends all spend entirely too much money on lingerie and look better in their pastel-colored step-ins than when clad in more conventional garments. And if your own husband can't see you in crêpe de Chine and chiffon underthings . . . No, it's not that our own husbands get tired of looking at us, exactly. It's that husbands and wives like to have other people to look at for a change.

I DON'T believe that, after marriage, a couple must necessarily be bound hand, foot, and eye. I can't see why a man can't be the right sort of a husband, father and citizen, and still take a woman who is not his wife to luncheon or dinner, occasionally.

I don't see why a woman necessarily cuts off the world, destroys her own attractions and the attractions to her of every other man she has known or might know just because she gets married. The man she enjoyed having dinner with six months before her marriage is just as jolly a dinner companion a year later—if not more so—and I can't see why her love for her husband plus a marriage ceremony need blind her to the fact. She probably married her husband—and stays married to him—because she liked him best of any of her possible chances and not because she didn't realize the existence of other men.

When Nice Little Married Couples get tied into Siamese Twins there is going to be trouble. No two people, raised in different environments and with different sets of ideas, if any, can be perfectly contented if they hunt together all of the time. Little dinners with only other Little Married Couples present! Little bridge games! Theater parties that are foursomes of two Little Married Couples! Someone is bound to be bored sooner or later and then . . . To me, being bored is one of the most serious afflictions.

So, knowing nothing about the subject, I'd say, offhand, with every air of authority, that the married man and woman who take miniature vacations through the year, a day off now and then, dinners with other people, an evening at the theater with an interesting person of the opposite sex, with maybe two weeks' vacation out of town and quite far from each other, have a better chance toward happiness than the old-fashioned couple in this generation who sticks together in the good old-fashioned, last-generation, Mamma-Goes-Where-Papa-Goes way. Of course, there is every chance I'm wrong.

I KNOW this: As soon as a woman has any freedom at all, other women doubt her. Other women give her the Keep-Your-Hands-Off-My-Husband look. In a strange city a few months ago I came across an old friend I hadn't seen in years. ("Came across" is putting it a bit mildly. I wrote him a note, if you must know.) I had dinner with him. It was not a remarkably enjoyable dinner. He was still ordering the delicacies of my youth and I had gone on to a more serious stage of eating. But a dinner is a dinner and I was out of town . . .

Later I met the wife of my casual dinner companion. After the usual polite conversation of two people who don't know each other very well and have nothing to say, anyhow, she sprang this on me:

"Of course, if you really are *serious* in your feelings toward my husband . . . You see, I knew you were on a vacation from your *own* husband, so I thought you'd picked out *mine* . . ."

And it took me an hour of steady conversation to convince her — without getting actually insulting or truthful — that I thought her husband was rather a dumb old duck who didn't dance very well, anyhow, and that a dinner was just a dinner to me but that my husband is my best friend.

And, yes, if you must have it, of course My Severest Critic, and he probably won't like this at all, being sensitive on the subject of vacations, what with this and that, so, when he reads what I've written here I may be compelled to go on another vacation — an enforced one, after all.

THE END

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW
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Mrs. Winslow's Recipe for Marital Happiness

Every wife needs a vacation.

But—there's no use taking one so long that Friend Husband will hand you one that'll last forever.

I can't see why a man can't be the right sort of a husband, father, and citizen, and still take a woman who is not his wife to luncheon or dinner occasionally.

When nice little married couples get tied into Siamese Twins there is going to be trouble.

As soon as a woman has any freedom at all, other women doubt her.

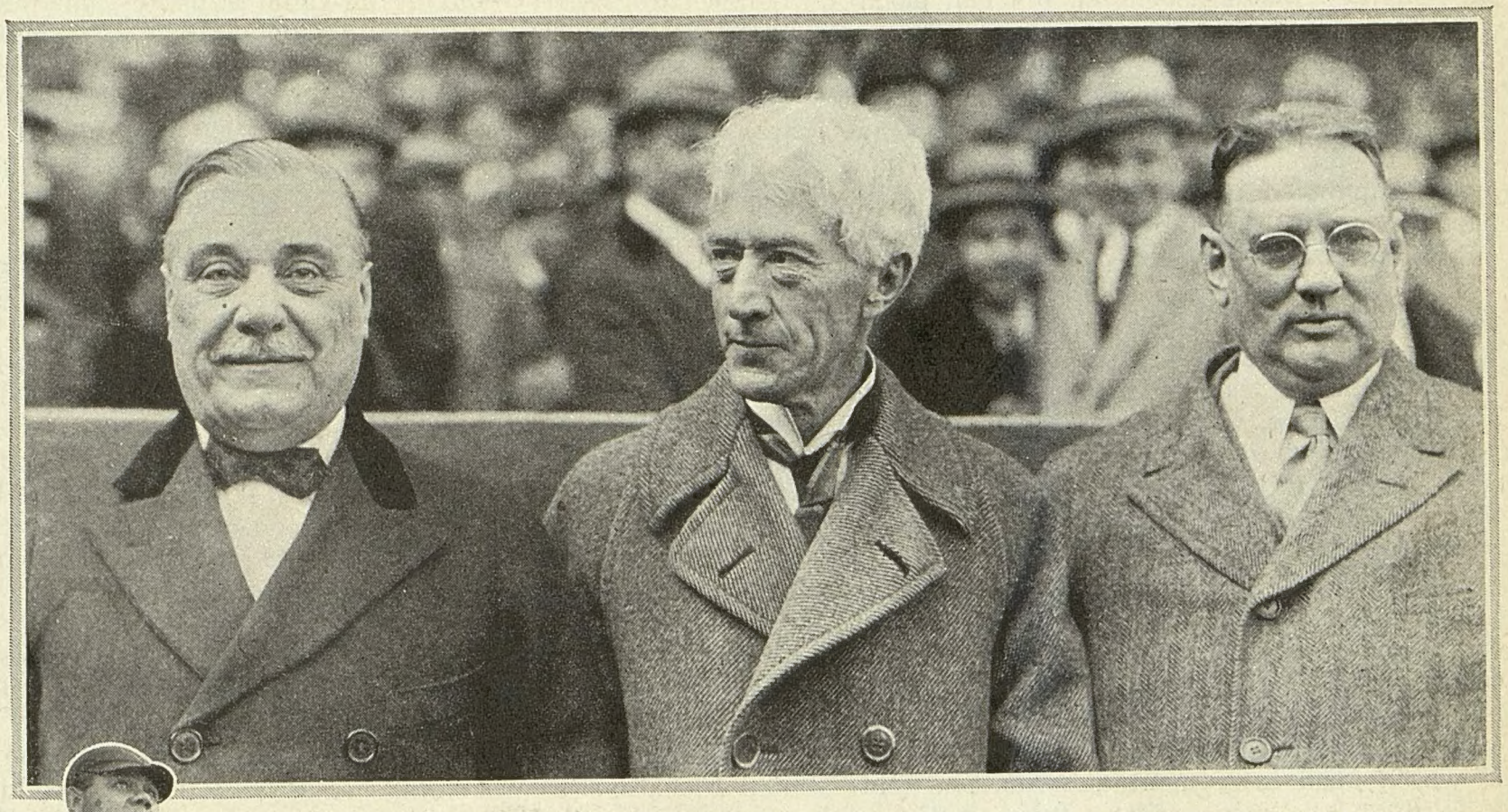
A dinner is just a dinner, but my husband is my best friend.

A BIG LEAGUE CLUB OWNER TELLS THE TRUTH

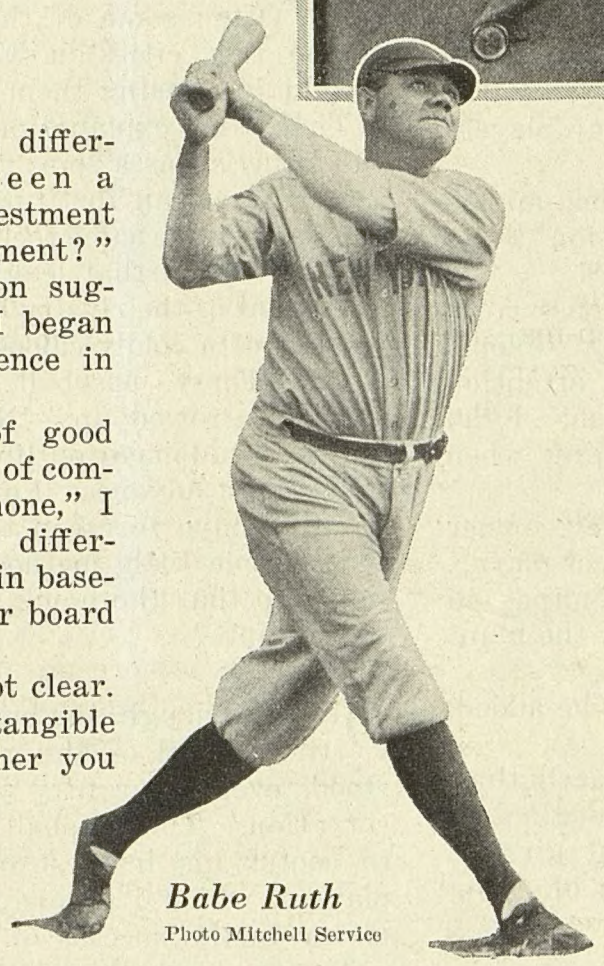
"The Best Investment I Ever Made Was to Pay $100,000 for Babe Ruth," Says Colonel T. L. Huston, One-Time Half Owner of the Yanks, in This Discussion of Baseball from the Strictly Business Point of View

An Interview with
COLONEL HUSTON

By BOZEMAN BULGER



Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Judge K. M. Landis, and Colonel T. L. Huston, before the opening game of the season of 1923, when the new Yankee Stadium was dedicated in the presence of 75,000 shrieking New York fans. Wide World Photo



Babe Ruth
Photo Mitchell Service

"WHAT is the difference between a baseball investment and a business investment?" was the first question suggested to me when I began to relate my experience in baseball.

"In the matter of good judgment and the use of common sense there is none," I replied. "The main difference in effect is that in baseball the public is your board of directors."

That, perhaps, is not clear. In one you invest in tangible securities; in the other you invest in sentiment. And, frankly, I have come to the conclusion that sentiment is often more tangible than property.

Often I am asked by uninformed business men whether baseball is "on the level."

"Is it a real competitive sport?" they ask.

Did I not understand the mental twist of those who ask that question I would regard it as a reflection on my intelligence.

Do you think, for example, that Col. Jacob Ruppert and myself, men of long experience in business, would invest close to a half million dollars in an enterprise that was not honest in its purpose and had no stability?

Do you realize that the honesty of baseball is of immensely more concern to the people engaged in it as a business than to the public which has no money invested?

Suppose, for further illustration, that the American public came to the conclusion that professional baseball was not honestly conducted—what do you think our investment would be worth? Why, when a team is on a losing streak the spectators won't even come in on passes.

The one thing that keeps baseball honest is that its entire success, financially, artistically, and otherwise, depends upon winning ball games. A team that can't win doesn't draw big crowds. In other words, the whole struggle in baseball is to please the public. The public wants to see the home club win. If it doesn't the fans won't go out to see the team play. That's all there is to it.

When we bought the Yankee club it was probably the worst in the world. There was no chance of its winning. We had to have a better team. It cost us two or three years of experience and nearly a million dollars in worthless experiments with minor league players before we found the solution.

About this time the papers were full of a startling announcement that some club owner had paid $50,000 for one player!

"That isn't so large," we decided, "in view of the $200,000 or more we've spent on 'morning glories' and got nothing. The thing for us to do is pay $100,000, if necessary, and save money. One $100,000 player is worth a hundred $10,000 experiments."

IT wasn't long after that when we gave the baseball public a real shock by the announcement that $137,500 had been paid for "Babe" Ruth. Such a price was unheard of until then. We were considered madmen by some of the club owners. But, I assure you, that price for Babe Ruth was the best investment I ever made. It was a bargain.

Having got a good start, we kept on buying players of reputation and established value, paying dearly for them, but we were getting somewhere. The Giants, at the same time, also were paying big prices for players.

To this day fans in other cities are still talking about the New York clubs "buying the pennant." That is a lot of foolishness. We were simply exercising what I regard as good business judgment.

You don't think for a minute, do you, that the clubs which sold us those players believed they were selling us the pennant? No. I honestly am convinced many of them regarded us as newcomers in baseball with a lot of loose money who didn't know what we were about.

In one game in St. Louis that we were losing an excited fan sat directly in front of me, abusing all New York institutions.

"Say, Huggins," he called to the manager. "Better have the Colonels get out their checkbook again. O, you money bags! I guess that'll hold you!"

They accused us of buying the pennant simply because we were winning games. If we had lost they would have called us suckers—would have laughed at the way other clubs put it over on us. When you buy a good ball player everybody kicks except the home town.

Other clubs have paid big prices for players—the White Sox, for example, paid $100,000 for Kamm—but did you ever hear any talk of their buying the pennant? If the Athletics, the Phillies, or Brooklyn should pay $100,000 for a player tomorrow, would they be accused of buying a pennant?

Nobody can buy a ball player unless another club wants to sell. In many cases we bought the player after every other club in the league had had a chance of doing so. We got him because we paid the biggest price. And our club was just as badly off as a money maker as any of them.

You never heard any New York fans abusing us for buying good players and winning the pennant, did you? They agreed with our policy by filling our park and helping us make

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money. The public in any city, I believe, will back the owners who take a chance.

Our purchase of Ruth appears to be regarded as a matter of mystery. It was nothing of the kind. I had importuned Harry Frazee of the Boston Red Sox to sell Ruth before we finally landed him. In fact, I offered $100,000 for Ruth some time before the deal went through.

"Why, I'd just as soon sell my ball park," said Frazee, refusing the offer.

Nearly a year later Frazee found it necessary to do some financing in his baseball ownership. His first thought was of that $100,000 offer. At that time we were in a league squabble and there was a desire on the part of some of the club owners to get Frazee out of baseball.

There was a mortgage of about $300,000 on the Boston club and grounds and the holders of this paper called it—insisted on having the money. Rather than be under obligations to anybody, Frazee, who is very independent by nature, decided to sell one of his biggest assets—Ruth. It took nerve on his part to do that. Under similar circumstances I would have done the same thing.

After we had concluded the deal the Ruppert Estate, which makes a business of lending money on real estate, and which has no interest in the ball club, saw a good opportunity to make a good investment. They offered to take over the Boston club's real estate mortgage. It was a good investment at seven per cent.

Through the move of the Ruppert Estate Frazee figured that he also had saved $37,500, which was the premium or bonus he would have had to pay, in addition to interest, had he borrowed elsewhere. This explains the published figure of $137,500 as Ruth's purchase price, but, as a matter of fact, the ball club paid $100,000 in four installments of $25,000 each.

"BUT other owners cannot pay such big prices," I have heard it said often, "because they haven't the money."

Neither did our club have the money. I believe any set of club owners could raise the price as we did—by giving their personal security as well as that of the ball club.

Now, in acquiring Ruth we had to face another obligation more important than the purchase price. Ruth is the highest paid ball player in the world and he is worth every cent he gets. Our contract with him calls for a salary of $52,000 a year.

Half of Ruth's salary, or $26,000, is paid to him during the playing season in semi-monthly installments of about $2,200 each, just as the other players are paid. The remaining $26,000 is held until the end of the season, when it is paid to him in a lump sum.

This arrangement is partly as a guarantee of good faith on the part of Ruth that he will carry out his contract, that he will keep in good condition and take part in every game in which it is possible, and also as a method of taking care of his money for him.

Contrary to general opinion, our contract with Ruth has no mention of home runs. He would get his $52,000 every year, whether he got one hundred home runs or none.

In relating these things I have got a little ahead of my subject.

It was ten years ago in New York that I walked into a baseball conference with a little more than two hundred thousand dollars in my pocket, ready to buy a ball club. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, my partner, carried a similar amount. The preliminaries had been completed and all was set for us to take over the Yankee club officially.

Colonel Ruppert and I were being looked over—sized up. We also were observing. Having been business men, both of us felt strange in the atmosphere.

The average business man or banker cannot realize that baseball is a business as well as a sport. He can see no tangible assets. In our case this was literally true. We were buying no real estate, our club had no plant or grounds. It is certain we were buying no value in players. We simply were acquiring a franchise—merely the privilege of organizing a ball club and calling it the New York Club of the American League. For that we paid $463,000.

That such an odd privilege is a most valuable asset, regardless of what straight-laced, conventional business men may say, is shown by the fact that I have sold my interest and that original $200,000 or more has come back to me enlarged by close to a million and a half dollars. This, mind you, in ten years.

In that first conference I studied the faces of these baseball men closely. President Johnson was one of them. The impression at that time, I am frank to say, was favorable.

Naturally the first thing that suggested itself to our minds was: If we were to put this money into baseball, shouldn't we be helped in getting together a stronger team? The players we had were worthless. Since the other club owners would be helped financially by our investment, it occurred to us as a natural process of reasoning that they would be glad to extend us a helping hand—say the privilege of purchasing three or four players from the good clubs—one from each.

Our conferees agreed with this idea, apparently, and there was much discussion as to who should give this and that player.

"Huh!" suddenly roared a deep bass voice from the back of the room, directed at Colonel Ruppert and me. "Don't pay any attention to that talk, gentlemen. That's bosh. I tell you right now they'll give you nothing when it comes to a showdown."

The speaker was Charles Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox and a former player, in my opinion one of the biggest minds in baseball. Everybody had to laugh at the blunt way he put it.

"You'll see I'm telling you right," he added, insistently.

Before many months we did see exactly that. It dawned on us that baseball is inordinately selfish. Those club owners did not give us anything and they had no intention of doing so. Mr. Comiskey was right.

FROM the earlier days of the game baseball men have been suspicious of one another. This underlying feeling of distrust and eagerness to take advantage has really made the game honest and competitive.

An instance is the method of dividing the receipts, which makes it doubly advantageous for the home club to win and draw big crowds. Under the system of division the home club gets practically two-thirds of the gate receipts. This is accounted for in that all the extra charges for reserved seats, boxes, and such goes to the home management. To make this amount large the home club must win enough to make big crowds come out. There is no possible incentive to lose, even if any persons were inclined to be dishonest.

It is the rarest thing in the world even when an individual player is dishonest. The players' individual fortunes and fame depend on their ability to win and be talked of in the papers—to become stars, in other words. They are ambitious, the same as any other class of men. The five or six who have disgraced themselves in fifty years of baseball lost immensely more in salary than they could possibly have gained by being paid to lose. Those few cases merely emphasize the honesty of the players.

The fact that every club wants everything for itself to help it win games establishes local pride and loyalty. In this baseball steps out of the conventional line of business and becomes a real sport. The greatest financial mistake any club owner can make is to sell a good player. Ball players who can win games are like government bonds.

The psychology of this unique American institution—baseball—is always interesting to me. The section from which a player comes makes no difference. It is the name that he wears on his uniform. The teams symbolize the fighting spirit of the cities from which they hail. The public accepts them as such. The Yankees, for instance, are not merely a group of professional players touring the country. If they were, they would draw practically nothing, as is shown by the barnstorming trips. With the name on the shirt, though, they are a visible evidence of something that represents New York—and only New York. It is the same with the Giants.

In other cities—always jealous of New York—there is a strong feeling against New York clubs and New Yorkers—an inclination to regard them as conceited outfits from the big city. Often some of the players are natives of the very cities in which the fans take a delight in abusing them.

That is my explanation of professional baseball's success as a sport; what makes it unique as an American institution. It is impossible to engender the same feeling in any other sport, for the reason that league baseball is the development of the rivalry idea, and not the working out of a coldly calculated plan.

Like Topsy, baseball was never born, but simply "growed up." No mind, or group of minds, could have outlined the institution of baseball in advance. For example, who could possibly have foreseen the enduring effect of that simple little method of dividing the receipts so that the home club gets the most of the receipts?

ODDLY enough, the business of baseball and the control of the game are little understood, even after fifty years or more of observation. The baseball fan is quite satisfied to center his interest on the game and the players, which I regard as being another big factor in the success of the sport.

To my mind, the most astonishing feature about it all is that business men go right into baseball without ever taking the trouble to study it as an investment. For example, if you were a contracting engineer going into the dredging business, we'll say, you would get all the technical works on dredging that you could find and study them. You would consult experts and familiarize yourself with every phase of the business, wouldn't you?

Now, a business man invests just as much in baseball, but he has no technical works to study. There are none. He cannot consult experts with any sense of security, because each of them is looking out for himself, his only object in life being to win ball games. As a result, you get the fever and proceed blindly. Remarkable as it may seem, you nearly always succeed in a greater or lesser degree. You don't lose. The public takes care of that.

The great weakness of baseball owners is a lack of imagination, which seems to disappear the moment they get into the excitement of the game. They fail to grasp opportunities.

THE END

"I will say this for him—he is about the strongest man I have ever met. Not that I am heavy, but when a man picks you up you can tell."

The HIGHLIGHTER

The Love Story of a Modern Woman, Heart Broken at Seventeen!

By FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by HARRY TOWNSEND

In Two Parts

PART I—THE KISS

THE rest of my life is to be devoted to literature.

"In order to write," Montaigne or some deceased highbrow said, "it is necessary to have lived—to have loved much and to have lost all."

I've been through the entire program. There's nothing left but to wear out fountain pens and typewriters. This, then, is the first story in the first volume of my complete works. Knowing how much the public is interested in the lives of us authors, I am going to make my initial effort purely autobiographical. If there were no other reason for my decision to bare my own heart secret, one would suffice—it is the most interesting and at the same time sad and tragic thing that has ever happened.

There's one hard statement I have to put across, so I might as well spring it right here, at the start of this, my life history, so that the genteel reader can scoff at it now and get it over with.

I'm only seventeen.

But I belong to the sex that is older than the Sphinx, to start with—older and wiser even than a man who has been all the way through high school and perhaps has had a couple of years of college.

Lest you think that I am a flapper posing and advertising a sophistication which is only a veneer, so to speak, I hasten to say that I am not and have never been one. Even if I had wanted to be, which I didn't, flapperism went out before I reached maturity. None of our set are flappers any more. The shopgirls are still doing it, perhaps, but you can't expect them to be hanging on to the tail light of progress—not at the rate progress progresses nowadays.

What I am, if I must describe myself, which apparently I must, as I am not famous enough yet to have a reporter do it for me, is a sort of a throwback to the girl of grandmother's day. Not that I'm old-fashioned and wear balloon tires for sleeves and a bustle for a shock absorber. On the contrary, when you see me

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fully dressed you can get an accurate idea of how I really look—there is no padding, no trick garters to correct bow legs—I don't wear anything to hitch the top ends of garters on to, anyway—no ruffles in the place where a brassiere should be worn; nothing false about me except the smile which I put on to deceive the unfeeling world.

WHAT I meant by intimating that I am old-fashioned was not that I am a frump or unmodish, but merely that in my heart I am, or rather was, the clinging vine sort of woman. I like to have a man make me stop smoking cigarets, drinking liquor, and cussing. My ideal of happiness for us women is to wear proudly a black eye which one does not deserve. Figuratively speaking, of course. If any man really bruised me personally where it would show even in decolleté, I would pry him loose from his well oiled hinges.

My real story begins about the first of last month. Up to that time I had lived, it is true, but only as a sort of vegetable, or at the best as a healthy kitten. Then I did not know what love was. Can you imagine anyone so *jejeune?* The person I look back on seems incredible. I must turn that mirror to the wall—it interferes with my train of thought.

Six weeks ago I used to go to parties with John Deerforth. You've probably heard of his father, the Deerforth Hot Water Heating Company. The chances are that it was one of their heaters which was out of order last night when you took that bath you had intended to be a warm one.

Jack is a nice young man—just a boy, really, only twenty—but he thought he was in love with me. I suppose he was, in his immature way. In those days I laughed at him. Now I am only sorry. Perhaps he suffered, too.

I first saw Nayland Taylor at a lecture which was given at our church. Can you imagine one's life romance beginning in a church? Ending there, perhaps, but beginning? Scarcely, in this day and age!

MR. TAYLOR was giving the lecture himself, and he bored me to death. That was partly because mother had dragged me to the beastly feast of reason when I had planned to go to the movies with Jack Deerforth.

Mr. Taylor was an elderly man of about thirty-five—or that's the way he seemed to me then—with graying hair and a thin face that had frozen once when he was wearing a very solemn expression—the sort of face that fools inexperienced people such as I was then. He was rather large and stooped forward a little as he stood on the platform. I don't think he cared much about how he carried himself or about what he wore. Anyway, his clothes were an unbecoming color—muddy brownish gray, I think—and they were wrinkled.

The lecture wasn't really so bad—he was another of those South Sea travelers, and he had made up some amusing adventures that he might have had if there actually were any Mack Sennett South Sea Islanders and he was a Valentino. Not that he featured himself in any Romeo sequences; but he seemed to know a good deal about the boudoir and bathing pool manners of the sunburned shame dancers that would be hard to learn from merely listening over the radio.

It was clever the way he put that *Vie Parisienne* stuff across without offending the most austere wife in the congregation and still left enough kick in the brew to make nearly every deacon wonder what it would cost to buy a ticket to Tahiti—one ticket, one way.

He had a shy, deprecating way of talking, and only one gesture, a sort of a wave of the hand, which said, "It wasn't anything much." I can do that wave of the hand myself—I learned how just to kid him, and when I catch myself doing it involuntarily now it nearly breaks my heart. I have to stop whatever I'm doing, or talking about, and swallow, so as not to cry.

In his voice there was a little chuckle—not after he had said anything, but before. Here's the way he used it:

"A missionary on the island has to keep his eyes on the ground"—pause and dry chuckle—"the natives are so confounded careless about leaving banana skins around."

Not to say that the remark is anything to close the Orpheum bill with, but with his delivery it went over for a laugh, partly because the first part made everybody think he was going to say something that the children ought not to hear. And then he didn't.

After the heart to heart talk was over we met him. He belonged to the same fraternity that my dad did in some remote college, one of those schools so small that the graduates have to stick together like glue, just in self-defense. It seemed that he was spending a couple of weeks with some friends of ours and had only given the lecture as a charity stunt.

He didn't pay any attention to me then, which didn't make me mad, because he didn't give me any thrills, either; but we did shake hands, which made everything that happened afterward all right.

The next morning I went out with Jack in his motor boat. Did I mention that we have one of the oceans in our front yard? The Atlantic, I think it is. We wore our bathing suits, because we like to dive off 'way out in deep water and swim around the boat a few times, just to find out what's the scandal among the fish.

About three miles out we hopped overboard and did a couple of wide circles around the Sinbad—that's the name of Jack's speedboat. You have to swim quite close to your transportation out there, or a squall is apt to blow it away, and then where would you be?

I was thinking seriously of calling it a day and climbing up on the deck to let the sun do its worst for a while, when I almost bumped into something that at first I thought was a seal. But it wasn't; neither was it a drowned person, which was my second horrible thought. You don't expect to find a live man that far out.

I suppose I must have screamed. Anyway, he spoke.

"It's all right. You had the right of way. There ought to be a traffic officer on this corner."

Then I recognized his voice and his hair, which was wet.

"O, it's you, Mr. Taylor."

"Yes." But he didn't call me by name. I was just one of a few hundred thousand people he had met at his lectures. "You don't need any help, do you?"

"No," I laughed as well as one can in the ocean.

"I didn't think you did. You swim a very strong stroke for an American."

"You're an American yourself."

"Yes; but I'm used to swimming with people who practically live in the water."

"Were you planning to swim all the way back to the South Seas when I nearly ran into you just now?"

"No." Puzzled.

"You are pretty far out without a boat."

"O, I see. No, not for me. I slipped out here to get a chance to think."

Jack came up just then, mildly jealous. He gets that way. I introduced him.

"It's time to go home," Jack suggested.

"Not yet," I argued. In the water, this Taylor man interested me.

"It's after five," Jack pointed out.

"Hardly so late as that," Mr. Taylor rejoined politely.

"I was judging by the sun."

"So was I; but I'll look at my watch."

Both Jack and I thought he was crazy; but he actually reached into a breast pocket in his bathing suit and produced a tiny watch, all in a little bottle. You wound it by twisting the cork.

The watch said four-thirty.

"It's time to go in, anyway," Jack continued, "no matter what time it is. Come on, Lola."

After all, it was his boat, so I began to consider being reasonable.

"We'll be glad to have you go with us, Mr. Taylor," I suggested. There is more than one method of taxidermy, so far as a cat is concerned.

"Thanks, but I'd rather swim it."

"Let's all do that." I'm always willing to try anything once.

"We can't leave the Sinbad out here," Jack protested.

"Well, then, you run the boat back, and Mr. Taylor and I will wait for you on the beach."

JACK didn't like it as an idea, but he knew he didn't have a chance in the world of compelling me to do anything that I didn't want to do—not in the water, anyway, because I can swim two feet to his one. Mr. Taylor didn't care one way or the other. That's one of the reasons I insisted on doing it. His darned indifference made me kind of mad. It seemed up to me to defend the American girl against the South Sea hussy.

If Jack had been a little older, I don't suppose he would have allowed himself to get peeved, and would have stayed near by with the boat, anyway. As it was, he did a few uncertain circles in our neighborhood, and then disappeared toward the beach in a cloud of dust. It was really a great display of confidence in my aquatic ability.

Somewhat misplaced, as subsequent events proved.

Because about half a mile from shore I gave plumb out. No, it wasn't a fake; I was too young then to think up tricks to lure men with.

Mr. Taylor had to pull me in by my hair, which, as I have said, is long and makes a very fair tow rope.

That was the way I got to know him quite well. You can't be very formal with a girl you've dragged through the surf by her tresses and then carried up on the sands in your arms.

I will say this for him: he's about the strongest man I've ever met. Not that I'm so heavy, but when a man picks you up you can tell.

And he liked me—that's something else a girl can guess when a man picks her up. You're either just so many pounds of beef roast, or else you're something interestingly alive and full of possibilities. I was that. So was he.

By that same token I knew that the next time he saw me he would notice me. Which was the correct diagnosis. I was out looking for a rainbow the day following, out on the beach in my rainy day panties and flannel shirt, which I look so well in that I frequently pray for showers, so that I'll have an excuse to wear them.

Nayland Taylor overtook me. Just as I suspected, he wasn't dressed any different for wet weather than he was for sunshine. The

"I shall enjoy seeing Sally . . . that is, if I am in town when she arrives."

act that he wore the same clothes out in the ain probably accounted for the tired look of is apparel. That man certainly needs a woman o tell him how to dress. But, from having seen im in a bathing suit, I knew that he wasn't eally as impossible as he looked, so I bright- ned up perceptibly when we met.

"All O. K. after your adventure of yester- ay?" he asked.

"Don't I look it?"

"Let's see. Turn around." Then he felt his wn pulse. "Run to the nearest doctor and tell im to send a sedative right away, before I'm rrested for speeding."

It was the first time a full grown man had sed an adult line of kidding on me, and I liked t. Most of the boys I knew, like Jack, were ther serious and sort of calfish, or else they idn't say anything that would arouse a girl's nterest at all. Something inside of me clicked, nd I began to run at a different tempo—like hifting from intermediate into high and set- ling down to a long stretch of good cement road. Up to that moment I had never really appreciated living. I'd been doing it right along, but unconsciously, not realizing the privilege.

Gee! if Nayland Taylor could lecture the way he can talk to a woman personally, they couldn't build hippodromes large enough to hold his audience. Everything that passed through his mind came out beautifully warm and glowing. He was an enthusiast. By that I don't mean that he was a booster, full of selling talk mostly bunk, but that he liked things and people and was able to make you see them from an appreciative angle. I guess an artist would call him a highlighter.

We got pretty well acquainted that after- noon. We walked so far in one direction with- out interrupting ourselves enough to turn around that it took till after dark to get back. But Nayland went home with me and squared me with father, who wasn't worried a bit when he found out with whom I had been.

Which just goes to show how wise parents sometimes aren't. There my entire life had been altered, ruined, I guess, from a worldly standpoint, and my darling, blind daddy was compla- cently glad because I had come home with- out any arms or legs missing.

Father made Nay- land stay for dinner, and they reminisced all the evening. You can see how bad off I was when I say that I hung around listen- ing to them when there was a dance at the club; and I knew by heart father's story about the cow in the college chapel, too.

"How come you never got married, Nayl?" father asked finally.

I pricked up my ears at that. So did mother, who, up to that moment, had been letting her mind stray over to a bridge game next door, even while she sat there smiling hospitably.

"Why, I don't know," Nayland replied noncommittally.

"I don't suppose you *do* know," father agreed sagely, "but I'll bet some girl does. Whatever became of Sally Kingston that you took regularly once a year to the junior prom?"

"She married Tod Williams." Mother of- fered that information.

"O! He was All-American half back in about nineteen-ten, wasn't he?"

"Yes," our guest admitted.

"Handsome dog, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

Nayland's contributions to the conversation were so negligible and uninteresting on this point that I suspected him of harboring con- cealed emotions.

SO I asked him about it the next time I saw him alone, which, by a strange coincidence, was on the beach, the next day, about the same time and place I had encountered him before.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

"Were you in love with Sally Kingston?" I asked, more or less directly.

"Yes, I guess so."

"Was her marriage the reason why you went roaming to the South Seas?"

"Perhaps. But she wasn't the reason why I stayed there."

"Who was the reason? Some naked little cannibal ukulele player?"

"No. Besides, they don't play ukuleles. It's an offense punishable by exile."

"But you did love an island girl, didn't you?"

"I loved them all. They're a simple, lovable people, and——"

"I know; I've heard you lecture. Be yourself, Nayland, dear. I was asking for facts, not a free travelogue."

He grinned at me amiably. "Very well, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney. The facts in the case are these: I never broke a coffee-colored heart. I was tempted to break a few of their necks, but their hearts were free from fracture, so far as I was concerned."

"Then there has been no woman in your life since this Sally Whoosis you were talking so garrulously about last night?"

"I wonder where some people's children get their nerve?" Nayland mused. "No, nary a woman. I won't say that I've been good, but at least I've been true."

I sighed with relief. To me then it didn't seem like much of a job to wean a man from a memory of some fourteen or fifteen years' standing. And I had decided to wean him. Of course, he was lots older than I, and he didn't seem to take me very seriously. But there would be time enough for that. For that and for other things.

We had glorious times together, mostly on the beach, in and out of the water. We explored nearly every quart of the Atlantic.

WELL, by the end of the week he kissed me. I had been ready for it for some time, so I wasn't so surprised as he was. There had been a full moon and lovely warm weather all on my side, so I can't take much credit. It wasn't really much of a kiss, but I had an idea I could train him in time.

"I suppose I'd better speak to your father about this," he said doubtfully. Nayland is dreadfully old-fashioned.

I could see that he was torn between a natural impulse to kiss me again, to see if I was real, and a twinge of conscience that made him think he had done something he hadn't exactly ought to have done. But far be it from me, or any other woman, to let go of an advantage like that. If he wanted to consider one kiss an engagement contract, there was no point in reminding him that this was the Twentieth Century and that nowadays anything can happen to anybody without attracting the attention of the federal authorities. Mrs. Grundy had died while he was in the South Seas, but Nayland hadn't heard of it.

WHEN we went home to tell father that he had a good chance of losing one of his income tax exemptions in the near future we found that my esteemed parent was out. Mother was home, but Nayland seemed loath to break the news direct to her. I suppose he thought he didn't know her that well.

So mother entertained us by reading an excerpt from a letter she had received that day.

"This will interest you, Mr. Taylor," she said, by way of preface. "I wrote to Sally Williams last Saturday asking her to visit us next week, and this is what she says:

"Dear Josephine: Your invitation came at a most opportune time. I don't know whether you knew it or not, but Tod and I have just got through the formalities of a quiet divorce. There isn't any use in telling you how it happened except that we really should never have been married in the first place. It has taken me all this time to decide to take my life back into my own hands.

"I won't say that it is easy, even now. I'm not particularly happy, and I don't know what to do with my freedom. The things that I cared about seem all faded and lusterless. I feel that way myself. But if you still want me, even without the old-time girlish fervor that you doubtless remember, I'll be awfully glad to see you. I really need contact with someone who will remind me of the days when I thought that life was something you could play with and not get terribly hurt.

"Yours affectionately,

"SALLY."

Both Nayland and I sat still as a couple of mice.

"I didn't tell her that you were here," mother continued. "In fact, I didn't know, when I wrote, that you were staying over. But when we spoke of her the other night it reminded me that I hadn't seen her for years. I hope it won't be painful for you."

"O, no," Nayland cleared his throat huskily. I could see that his vocal cords were all tangled up with conflicting emotions. "I shall enjoy seeing Sally—that is, if I'm still in town when she arrives."

—

There's a smashing climax in the concluding installment of Mr. Adams' great story in next week's Liberty.

The Theater's Miracle Man Made His Première in New York, Confident of Being a "Riot." Instead He Turned Out to Be a "Frost." Cohan's Own Story of His First Bitter Days of Adversity.

Twenty Years on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

Pictures by ARTHUR LITLE

Start this narrative anywhere. Each installment is complete in itself. In earlier chapters Mr. Cohan told of his boyhood as an actor up to the age of fourteen. It was then he decided that cities like Buffalo were too small for him and to go to New York and build his own theater.

Not a hand!

CHAPTER X.

NEW YORK AT LAST.

THE variety actors in those days tried to get "seashore jobs" during the hot months. We were lucky enough to be booked for the summer (1893) at Rocky Point, Rhode Island, one of those old time clam bake resorts; at least, it was then, and I suppose it still is.

The theater, or pavilion, as they called it, was the champion honky-tonk of all the palaces of amusement we ever played. The actors not only set their own scenery but, after it was set, were obliged to pull up the curtain, and at the end of the act go "off stage" and drop the curtain down again.

The only incident of any importance that happened to me during the two months we lingered there was that one Monday they ran short of a "sister team," so I had to put on skirts and a blonde wig and do a sister song and dance with Josie.

"What'll these fellows think of me?" I protested. But Dad merely smiled and said: "Don't talk so much; go on and do the act."

I did the act all right. But it was the only time in my life I ever chewed tobacco. I kept at it all week, too. I wanted every trouper on the bill to understand that I was a hundred per cent "tough guy."

The last week in August came round, and off we went on our merry way to the great New York City, with a contract for a week's engagement at Keith's Union Square Theater.

The family had never played the big town. Dad and mother had appeared there years before as a sketch team and had also presented melodramas in the cheaper houses, but this was to be the initial New York appearance of THE FOUR COHANS.

Josie was as nervous as a kitten and acknowledged the fact. On the contrary, I was never so sure of "knocking 'em cold" as I was the Sunday evening before our Union Square opening.

Dad and I went out to take a stroll after supper. We wanted to talk over a few minor changes we were making in the act.

The act was to be "Goggle's Doll House," a skit we had played for several years, but father had been working and improving on it and we all felt that he had made it into a fifty per cent better farce than it ever was before.

"We'll be a 'riot' tomorrow, Dad," I said as I took my first good look at the bright lights of Broadway.

"Don't be too sure, son; you never can tell." My father's lack of confidence, as I figured it to be then, got me nervous and I came back with:

"Well, what's going to stop us? It's the best four act in the business. We know that, don't we? Mother and you have all that sure-fire dialogue. You'll 'murder' 'em with that. Josie's the best dancer in America; we know that, don't we? And, as for myself, well——"

I was just about to explain to him for the thousandth time what a perfectly marvelous performer I was and what I could do to this wise, metropolitan audience, and how easily I was going to take my rightful place with the highlights of the theatrical world when he interrupted by whispering to me:

"Nix, son, you're talking too loud. Everybody in the street is listening to you."

I hadn't realized it, of course, but I had become so excited and enthusiastic that I was unconsciously shouting all this at the top of my voice, much to the amusement of the hangers-on along the Rialto.

"These Broadway fellows will think you're crazy," said Dad as he fussed with his watch chain. Dad always fussed with his watch chain when he was embarrassed.

"What do I care about these Broadway guys!" As I said this I threw a nasty look in the direction of "the curbstone brigade" in front of the Coleman House.

"I'll fold this street up and put it in my pocket before I get through," I added this loud enough for the "gang" to hear, and a roar of laughter sent father around the corner toward Sixth Avenue.

I followed him with, "What's the idea of the side street?"

"What's the idea of your making a monkey of yourself? Listen, son," he went on, "you'll never get anywhere in this town if you carry on like this. People won't like you; they'll hate you. Anyone to hear you talk would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Master Cohan at the age of nine, when he made his road debut in the orchestra pit.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

put you down for a 'small headed' kid. It's just as easy to make friends as enemies and you'll find that friendship is a very necessary thing if you remain in this business. Now, please, son, I beg of you, come down to earth. Don't shout so, quit bragging, and put your hat on straight. (I wore it cocked to the side.) And, for heaven's sake, stop juggling that cane. (I carried a switch cane.) Be human, be yourself, and, damn it all, take that gum out of your mouth. You've been chewing on it for an hour."

Dad was upset, I could see that, so I walked along without a word. By the time we reached the boarding house he had "laid down the law" to a fare-thee-well.

I finished the evening in the folks' room making all sorts of promises to behave myself from that time on. I swore I'd be "a little gentleman" at the music rehearsal the following morning, and finally retired to the hall bedroom to which I'd been assigned, pulled out one of the bureau drawers, laid it over my lap in desk fashion, reached for the pad and pencil, and started to write an "ad" for the New York *Clipper* (which was then the leading theatrical publication).

The flash headline read:

THE FOUR COHANS TAKE NEW YORK BY STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"O, HELLO, Jerry; glad to see you." It was the house manager speaking as he shook hands with Dad when we entered the stage door of the Union Square Theater the following morning.

"I've just received a telegram from Boston headquarters," he continued. "Here, read it yourself," and he handed the message to Dad. Mother, Josie, and I leaned over his shoulders and we all read it at the same time.

> Tell Cohan family not to do the four act. Mr. and Mrs. Cohan in sketch and two children in single turns better for New York audience.

I won't say that we were disappointed. Half paralyzed is a better description.

"This is a big mistake," said Dad. "Why, we've been rehearsing the 'four act' night and day for weeks."

"Sure we have! It'll be a sensation, too." I added this.

"Keep quiet, son," my mother snapped.

"Yes, let papa settle it, Georgie," and Josie, as she said this, gave me the high sign to "play dead."

Dad gave me another warning look and then continued to the manager:

"I wish you'd reconsider this switch, Jim."

"It isn't up to me, old pal," he answered. "You know Albee, and you know he runs his business to suit himself. I wouldn't give it another thought if I were you. Just go ahead and do the sketch and two singles and maybe later in the season you'll get a week here for the four act."

"What do you think, Nellie?" Dad put it up to mother.

She advertised her disappointment with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I think this is a crime," I blurted.

"I'll commit one in a minute if you don't keep quiet," said Dad.

And Josie started high-signing me again to quit "butting in."

"Well, I dare say the only thing to do is to do as we're told."

There was a sad note in Dad's voice as he reluctantly murmured this. He had rewritten the four act completely since we'd last played it and had great hopes of its being our first big hit. I knew my single turn wasn't any too strong, so the thing was a double disappointment to me.

"Well, never mind, Jerry; everything happens for the best," the manager remarked as Dad handed back the telegram.

"I suppose so," he replied without any further resistance except to pucker his lips.

"You mean to tell me you're going to star for this?" I shouted.

For an answer Dad gave me another ha look and I kicked a resin board clean acro the stage and walked to the back door and o to the alley.

"They can't do this to me; I won't sta for it," I started telling it to the world as so as I hit the open air.

I walked to the corner of Fourth Aven and Fourteenth Street and leaned against lamp post and gave Keith and Albee a "layi out" such as they never heard in all their day When I'd finished giving them their rig names and addresses, I started breaki matches in halves and chucking them in t gutter. I destroyed the entire box and th started the encore to my tirade.

"All right, I'll go in and do the single tu if you want it, but you two guys can unde stand right now that I'll get even. . . . Ye sir! . . . I'll get even if I have to spend t rest of my life in taking the roofs of your th aters from over your heads."

I turned back through the alley and walk in the stage door and discovered Dad at t footlights rehearsing the music of my sing turn, The Lively Bootblack.

Mother and Josie were standing to one si drying their eyes and trying to smile as th saw me coming.

"You ought to rehearse your own mus Georgie. Dad doesn't know your tempos ve well," Josie suggested in a stage whisper.

"Yes, I think you should, son," moth added.

I didn't want to appear to be weakening t quickly, so I carried along the bluff.

"I haven't made up my mind yet wheth I'll play the week or not."

Dad heard this, looked up and called to m "Come on, get at this. Rehearse it yourse Hurry, too. Do you hear?" He didn't say very gently, either, and when Dad didn't s things very gently, it was just as well to gi him his own way.

"All right, Dad," and I walked to the foo lights. Father, mother, and Josie went to u pack the trunks.

When I had rehearsed for about fifteen mi utes (five minutes was the allotted time) leaned over and said to the piano player:

"Now, if you won't mind, we'll just take t whole act right over again and get it dow pat."

"Say, how much longer are you going keep this thing up? There are two or thr other acts to rehearse yet. We've got to op these doors at 11:30."

The stage manager of the house said th as he came toward me with a broom in h hand. All stage managers did their own swee ing in those days.

"I can't help that," I answered. "I've g to get these tempos right."

"Say, listen!" It was the first time I heard the piano player's voice. I had done a the talking up to then.

"If you think I'm going to sit down here an go over that junk again, you're crazy," an then by the way of adding insult to injury, I stood up and yelled:

"Anybody would think this guy was r hearsing Hanlon's Fantasma the way he's bee raving around here."

"Where do you get off to give me any arg ment?" I shouted back at him. "I've been this business since I was a child in kilts; Kei can tell you that himself." And then, leanin over the footlights and shaking my finger him defiantly, I added:

"You'd better go and take a few piano le

sons before you start telling me where I get off."

The ushers, all ready in their uniforms, waiting for the house to open, came running down the aisles to hear the argument.

"LOOK here, Shakespeare." The stage manager grabbed me by the arm as he spoke. "Whatever you do, don't lose your temper, because the last buck dancer that got excited around here had to be buried by the Actors' Fund."

By this time several performers and the entire stage crew had gathered about me in a circle, and all seemed to be enjoying the stage manager's "wise cracking" remarks.

"You'll get rich kidding me." I was too angry to think of anything clever to say, so I shot this at him.

"Hey, Bill!" the stage manager shouted to one of the crew. "Get that loving cup out of the property room and slip it to this guy. Maybe that'll cure him."

Another loud laugh from the circle.

"I'll have all you guys working for me some day, see if I don't." I half mumbled this, but they heard it and laughed louder than ever.

"We're all going to work for him. Hurray for our new boss!" yelled the property man, and a loud roar went up as father shoved his way through the circle and made a grab for me.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" Dad inquired.

It seems he'd heard the rumpus from the dressing room, where he'd been laying out the wardrobe.

"What's happened?" he repeated. "What's the fuss?"

"It's all right, Mr. Cohan," explained the stage manager. "I was just trying to make the boy understand that this theater had to be opened some time this season, that's all."

Dad looked at me. "What was it, son?" he asked.

"O, this guy is one of those back stage comedians," I answered, indicating the stage manager. "He thought I was a 'hick,' I guess."

The stage hands, giggling and exchanging their private opinions of me, moved away and went about their respective duties. Another act started to rehearse, and the stage manager, seeing that Dad was nervous and upset over the incident, leaned over and said to him:

"I'm sorry this happened, Mr. Cohan, on the level, I am. I guess the kid's a little overanxious, that's about the size of it," and he started to sweep the stage.

"Come on, I want to talk to you right now," commanded Dad as he led the way to the dressing room. I followed him; I was gritting my teeth, too.

"Sit down on that trunk there and listen to me," he said after he had closed and bolted the door.

I did as I was told. I figured I was in for a genuine tongue lashing (the only kind of punishment I ever received from my parents) because I don't believe I had ever seen him quite so angry as he was at that particular moment. I knew I had to think fast to kill off the lecture and that's what I'd been doing all the way to the dressing room.

"Before you say a word, Dad, I want to tell you something," I ventured. "I lost my head and I'm sorry for it. The stage manager was right when he said he thought I was overanxious. That's what's the matter with me. I'm so dead crazy to make good here in New York that I can hardly think straight. I'll apologize to the piano player, to the stage hands, and everybody else in the theater if you want me to; I was wrong and I admit it. A fellow can't be any more reasonable than that. Nothing of the kind will ever happen again, Dad, I give you my word," and as I said this I stood up and extended my hand to him.

He sized me up for a moment before he spoke and then he asked:

"I can positively rely on that?"

"Positively."

"No kick of any sort from now on?"

"I'm through kicking, Dad, once and for all."

"All right, son; we'll let it go at that."

We shook hands and I started to hang up my Lively Bootblack specialty clothes. A knock came at the door.

"Just a second," shouted Dad. He unbolted the latch and a boy in uniform looked in the room with a "time sheet" to tell us where we were on the bill.

"Is Master George Cohan in here?" he inquired, as he referred to the paper to get the name correct.

"Right here," I answered.

"You're on 'Number One.' You open the show," he said as he checked me off with a pencil dash.

"I what?" I fairly screamed.

"You open the show," he repeated, and disappeared down the hall calling out the names of various performers and acquainting each one with his or her spot on the program. If the theater building had caved in it couldn't have buried me any deeper than I was right then. Josie was "spotted" fourth. Mother and Dad sixth. I was to "open" the show. Dad stood in the center of the room waiting for the explosion. It came, with a bang!

"They can't do this to me; I won't be disgraced by these guys. I'd rather be a tramp in the gutter than stand for this." They heard me hollering throughout the entire building. I meant that they should.

"Now, don't take on like that, son, remember the promise you just made." Dad tried to make this sound like a command, but there was a note of pity in his voice just the same.

"What do they think I am around here, a Patsy Bolivar?" I yelled.

MOTHER and Josie came running into the room and tried to console me, but I tore up and down like a madman, calling Keith and Albee everything on the calendar, and for several minutes I raved and ranted and finally threw myself on top of a trunk and wept bitter tears.

"Please don't take it so to heart, son." My mother was having a little cry herself as she said this.

"If Georgie feels that way about it, let's not play the engagement at all. Let's all quit and be done with it." This was Josie's suggestion.

"That satisfies me," put in Dad, "if your mother's agreeable," and he looked in her direction for the decision.

"Perhaps that would be the easiest way out of it," she said, and began to bathe my forehead with witch hazel.

The gay drum major—just 12.

At this point the call boy shouted through the hall. "Curtain up in ten minutes; everybody dressed, please!" I jumped from the trunk.

"I'll go through with it," I hollered, as I started tearing off my street clothes. "I'll go through with it and make them all ashamed of themselves. Mark my words, before the week is over I'll be in the middle of this bill, see if I won't. I'll go out there and knock that audience 'into a cocked hat,' that's what I'll do. I'll dance like I never danced in all my life. I'll turn this defeat into victory." (A line from one of the plays I had written.)

I raised my right hand above my head and pointed to the ceiling as I shouted this.

"O, I'll open the show. Yes, I'll open the show (this half hysterically) and God help the acts that follow me, that's all I got to say."

I shouted this threat at the top of my voice

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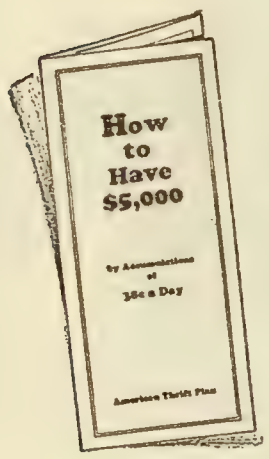

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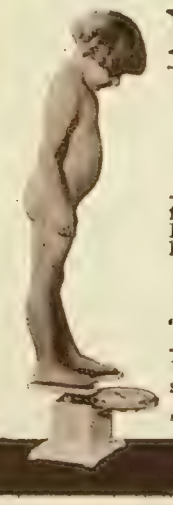

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

so every performer on the bill could hear it. Mother and Josie ran out of the room. I hopped into my specialty make-up, grabbed my bootblack box, threw it over my shoulder, and made for the door. When I got there I turned and shouted a parting threat at my father.

"I'll get even with Keith and Albee, see if I don't," and I rushed to the stage.

CHAPTER XII.

MY FIRST NEW YORK AUDIENCE.

"IS your act very noisy?" a stage hand inquired as I stood in the first entrance waiting for the pianist to play the people into their seats.

"What do you mean, is my act very noisy?"

I felt that I was being "kidded" and half realized that it was because of the exhibition of temper I had displayed at the music rehearsal.

"Well, I just want to put you wise," he went on. "Those people out front have probably been up all night, and they're here to get a good sleep, so if there's any noisy stuff in your act, I'd advise you to cut it out, because if you wake them up, they'll hiss you."

He said this in a very confidential way and then walked away whistling My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon, which was the popular song of the day and at which the piano player out front was banging away in his medley overture. As the stage hand walked away, another fellow came over to me.

"Remember, kid," he whispered, "you're playing to a lady audience in this house. No rough stuff, no blue jokes or anything like that; we won't stand for it here."

I was the "humpty dumpty." I realized it at once. I started to turn away and bumped into the property man, who was standing behind me with a "prop gun" in his hand.

"Here you are, kid," he said, as he offered the weapon to me. "Stick that in your kick, and if that piano player doesn't get your tempos right, shoot him dead before you leave the stage."

"Hey! Lay off that fellow. What are you guys trying to do, get him nervous? Let him alone; can't you see he's got stage fright already?" The stage manager said this as he came up and shooed the rest of the crew away. Then he turned to me.

"Don't you mind them, Georgie," he said. "Go on there and show that bird Augustin Daly that you're just as good a performer as he heard you were."

"Augustin Daly? Is he out front?" I asked, half believing it was true.

"Sure, he's out front. He's standing up in the rear disguised as a policeman. He sent wor 'back stage' not to let you know but I'm tipping you off, becaus I've taken a great liking to you."

It suddenly dawned on me tha he was about as sincere as th others.

"You'll get rich trying to strin me."

For the second time that morn ing it was all I could think of t say. They had me "going" a right, but I pretended not to min their banter, so threw a knowin smile at the stage manager an strolled to the back wall and starte "limbering up." I was trying t get my bearings. I got thinkin again about the great injustice o putting me on to open the sho and was giving Keith and Albe another good "talking to," whe suddenly I heard the introductor strain to my opening number, an I rushed down to the first entranc and on the stage.

I'm called The Lively Bootblack
  For my style and occupation;
When work is done I like to pla
  By way of recreation.
My cousin is an actor boy,
  He's often been before you;
I know you're fond of dancing,
  So a specimen I'll show you.

Then into an Irish reel. NO A HAND. The last four lines o the second verse ran:

I sneaked into a fancy ball
  With whiskers made of fals
    hair;
The dancers couldn't dance at al
  I taught them how to wal
    there.

Then into a waltz clog. NOT HAND. I then recited The Boo black's Dream, a dramatic story rhyme about a "He" Cinderell NOT A HAND. And then th announcement:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I will now offer for your approval my own conception of the most difficult form of the terpsichorean art, commonly known as buck and wing dancing. I wish to call your particular attention to the fact that the steps are of my own invention and tha no other living dancer has ever been able to master the same routine.

After this modest speech I sa to the piano player, "If you pleas Professor," and into the danc finishing with a run up either si of the proscenium arch, back center stage and a break and bo NOT A HAND.

No response of any kind fro the thirty-five or forty perso seated in front. As a matter fact, at least a dozen of them ha been reading newspapers throug out my entire act. At one poi during the recitation of The Boo

black's Dream one woman commenced to giggle and the rest of the audience hushed her up, but that was the only sign of life they showed during the ten minutes I occupied the stage.

I bowed at the end of the dance, and the piano player "tremoloed" a sustained chord to take me off. I walked to the first entrance, bowed again, and made my exit in absolute silence.

"YOU paralyzed 'em, kid; you killed 'em. They're all dead out there."

One of the stage hands said this as I passed him on the way to the dressing room where the other members of my family were waiting to hear the result of my New York triumph. In those days the performers had to remain in their dressing rooms until called for their acts.

"How did you do, son?" asked Dad eagerly, as I rushed in with my jaw set and fire in my eyes. He asked the question before he realized my frame of mind.

"I'll get even with Keith and Albee for this, if it's the last thing I ever do." As I made this statement I threw the bootblack box the full length of the room. It struck a water pitcher on a table in the corner and CRASH, the thing splintered and flew all over the floor.

"Hey! Cut that out," came a voice from the hall outside, and the house fireman rushed in to see what had happened. Mother and Josie ran out of the room and Dad started picking up the broken pieces of pottery.

"What are you trying to do, put this theater on the blink?" As the fireman said this he backed me against the wall of the dressing room to make sure of no further damage being done.

"O, don't worry, I'll pay for it," I sulked.

"You can bet your life you'll pay for it," he answered as he pinned my arms to my sides, "and say, listen, just one more move out of you and I'll——"

"Never mind, Tom, I'll handle this," interrupted the house manager, who ran into the room at this point. "Don't bother about that, Jerry, I'll have it swept up," he said to Dad, who was still gathering together the broken bits of the pitcher. Then he turned to me.

"Come outside a minute. I want to talk to you," and he beckoned me out of the room.

The fireman released his hold on me and I followed the manager to the hallway. He took me by the arm and started walking me up and down.

"Of course, it's none of my business," he began as we stepped along, "but you're making a big mistake, young fellow. You're not treating your folks right, do you know that? If you keep on acting up like this you'll just worry them to death. Your mother and sister are both hysterical already, and look at your Dad in there. He's just about sick over it all. What's the matter with you, anyway? Haven't you any feeling for your own people?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. I was too ashamed.

"What'll these fellows think of me?" Dad merely smiled.

"Will you take my advice and do as I tell you?" he continued.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I want you to go in there to your father and apologize. Tell him you're sorry about the way you've carried on here today, and promise him faithfully that it will never happen again."

The fact that I'd made this very promise less than half an hour before struck me on the funny bone, my sense of humor got the better of me, and I began to smile.

"What are you grinning about?" inquired the manager.

"I can't help it, it's funny."

"What's funny?"

"Everything," and I started snickering.

"Gee, you're a tough kid." As he said this he shook his head hopelessly and started to walk away. I followed him down the hall.

"No, I'm not a tough kid, there's nothing tough about me at all." He stopped to listen to my argument.

"I'm just human, that's all," I went on. "I stand up for my rights the same as you or anybody else. I'll admit that I lose my temper, but so does every other regular fellow once in a while. I'm not getting an even break, that's what's the matter. I never kick unless I've got a kick coming to me. I don't want to worry my folks. I think as much of my folks as anybody in the world does, but everything's wrong around here. Everybody's against me."

"Who's against you?" he challenged.

"Everybody," I shot back.

"Who's everybody?" he tried to stump me.

"O, Keith and Albee and everybody else. If you ask me I think I've been treated pretty rotten by the whole outfit."

The manager, who up to now had treated the matter seriously, suddenly broke into a fit of laughter, and several performers whose heads had been stuck out of dressing room doors listening to the conversation joined in the merriment. Finally, mother, Dad, and Josie came into the hall, caught the spirit of the thing, and inside of thirty seconds the whole affair was turned into a free for all laughing contest.

I RUSHED into my dressing room, slammed the door and walked up and down the floor, "taking it out" on the world in general. After a few seconds I stood still and listened. The laughter not only continued, but had increased tenfold. The darned thing was so contagious that, to tell the truth, as hard as I tried not to, I was finally compelled to laugh a little myself.

I hurriedly dressed for the street, ran around the corner, bought an admission ticket and stood out front and watched my sister Josie make a genuine hit.

"That's what a good spot on the bill will do," I muttered to myself as I walked over to Union Square and leaned against the lamp post.

———

Despite his adversities, young Cohan clung to the fond belief that he was a wonderful actor and that New York did not appreciate his abilities, and even a turn down at a benefit performance did not lessen his estimate of his own capability. In the third installment in next week's issue Mr. Cohan tells of how his first song was accepted by a publisher. Like the first, this installment is rich and full of human interest.

Interviewing the INSIGNIFICANT

FLORENCE KIERNEY, Who Handles Five Trunk Lines Simultaneously, Is Principally Anxious to Star in the Films

By LILLIAN DAY

Picture by RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"What they don't know don't hurt 'em," is Miss Kierney's practical philosophy of life.

I STEPPED out of the elevator into one of those noncommital outer reception rooms surrounded by partitions of wood and ground glass. Wicker chairs and a table with magazines comprised the furniture.

At the switchboard sat Miss Kierney, the steel band of the telephone receiver forming a bandeau over her lovely dark hair.

"Whojer wish to see?" she asked, plugging and unplugging with one hand.

"You," I replied.

"If yer sellin' magazines," she said, "I ain't interested."

"I'm not selling magazines," I assured her. "I came to interview you."

"You must be in the wrong place—Barclay 0102? Go ahead—Must be some mistake."

"No, there's no mistake. You're the switchboard operator here?"

"Reception clerk," she corrected.

"My magazine sent me to interview you."

"I knew you was sellin' magazines. 'Nothin' doin'—line is busy. Black and Salter. 'S out to lunch. I know it's four o'clock. I said he was out to lunch. Mr. Black been dead five years. Anyone else do? Who's calling? Put him on. PUT HIM ON. Mr. Watson, Mr. Gordon calling. Go ahead."

Turning to me, Miss Kierney said:

"Are you still here? Come around Sat'day afternoon, pay day."

"I don't want to sell anything," I protested. "I want to get your views on certain subjects."

"You must mean Miss Armstrong, the office manager. Just a minute."

"No, I don't mean Miss Armstrong, I mean you. How long have you been with Black and Salter?"

"Are you from the income tax department? I only been here three months. I was out of work before that."

"No, I have nothing to do with the income tax. I just want you to answer a few questions. Do you find your work interesting?"

Just then a man stepped out of the elevator.

"Whojer wish to see?" asked Miss Kierney.

"Mr. Halperin."

"Have you an apperntment? No? Well, Mr. Halperin's out."

"I'll come some other time. Tell him Mr. Brennan of Washington was in."

"Just a minute. I'll see if he came in."

Putting in a plug she calls: "Mr. Halperin, Mr. Brennan calling. All right—down that aisle, third door to your left."

I spied a magazine on Miss Kierney's desk.

"Are you fond of reading?" I asked.

"I'm a regular book worm on magazines. Say, are you reading Should I Tell My Husband of My Misstep? It's a serial. Believe me, that poor woman got hers!"

She held her profile up for inspection.

"Do you think a wife should tell her husband of a previous misstep?" I asked, hoping I had at last struck fertile ground.

"I'll say so if there's any chanct of his finding out. What they don't know don't hurt 'em—Black and Salter. Who's calling? Just a moment."

"You don't believe then in the pangs of conscience?"

"Gee! did you see the Call of Conscience? That was the swellest movie I ever saw."

"I take it you're fond of the movies. Who is your favorite actor?"

"My girl friend is crazy about Rudolph but I think Harold Lloyd must be awful smart when he ain't actin' so foolish. Say, do you think I'd have a chanct in the pictures?" She patted stray hairs into place and held her profile up for inspection.

"I think you'd have a very good chance. Why don't you try?"

"No use. It's all pull. You gotta come acrost with them managers."

"Not if you have any talent," I assured her.

"Say, who are you anyway? You seem to know it all."

"I'm a reporter. Tell me, Miss Kierney, how do you spend your Sundays?"

"Say, you must think I'm a regular questionnaire—Black and Salter. Just a moment, please. Mr. Engles? Put him on Spring 9522. Gone for the day. Line's busy. Spring 9522! Go ahead. What number are you calling? . . . . ."

I began to give up hope.

"Have you a photograph of yourself you could let me have?" I managed to put in as I rang the elevator bell.

"My! but you have nerve—say, are you sure you have the right party?—Spring 9522? Mr. Blakely in? Mr. Watson of Black and Salter calling. Just a minute. . . . . ."

The red light flashed, the door opened and I staggered into the descending car.

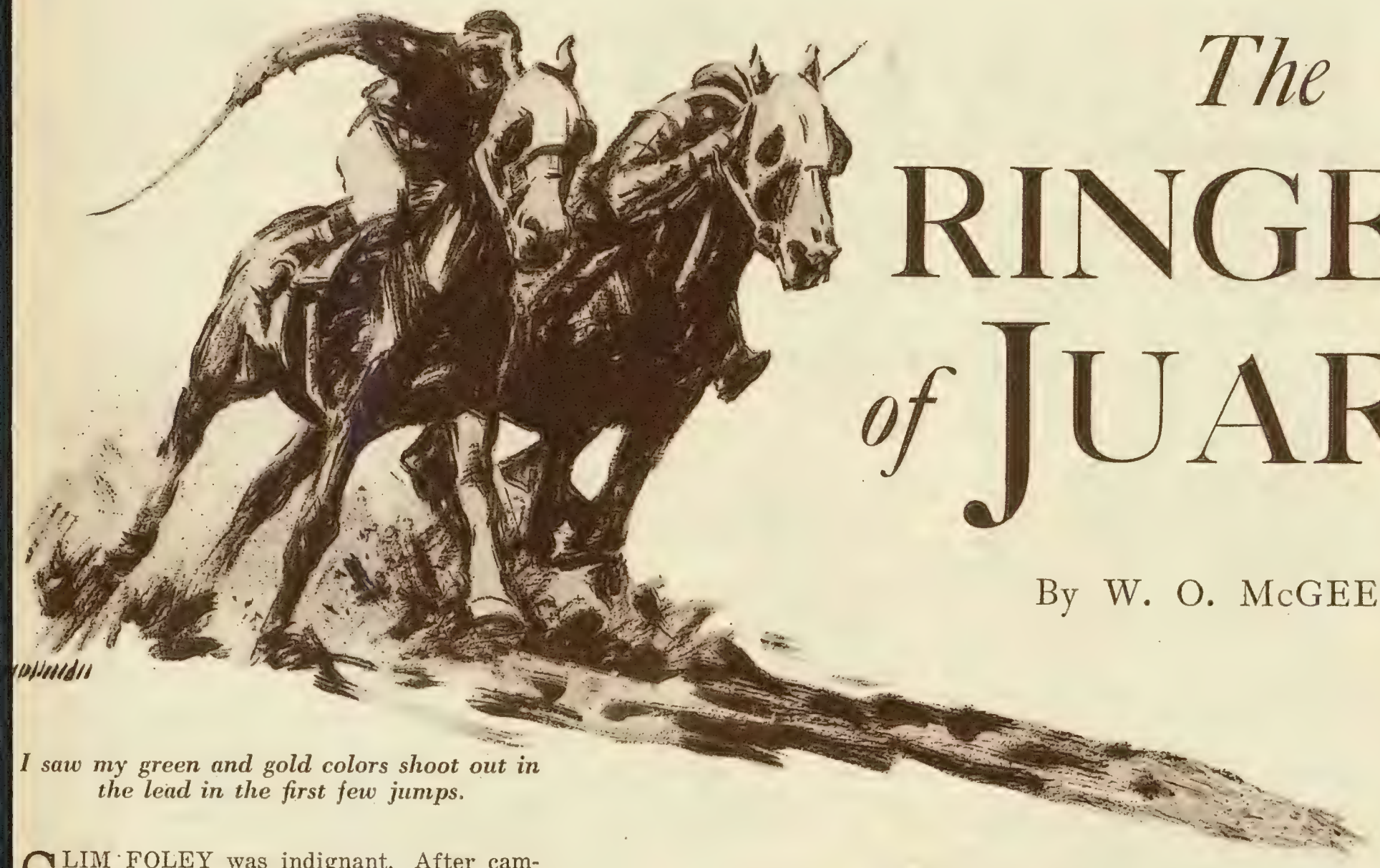
THE END

A Short Story Wherein Love, Larceny, and Revolution Complicate the Already Adventurous Hazards of Racing South of the Rio Grande

The RINGERS of JUAREZ

By W. O. McGEEHAN

Pictures by F. B. HOFFMAN



I saw my green and gold colors shoot out in the lead in the first few jumps.

SLIM FOLEY was indignant. After campaigning from Emeryville to Havana and from New Orleans to Blue Bonnets in various capacities, Slim had risen to the position of owner and trainer of the Lone Pine Stables. The cause of his indignation was a rumor to the effect that Bonehead, one of Slim's platers, had been given something more than oats and water just prior to a certain race which Bonehead won at twenty to one.

Sitting in the kitchen attached to his own stables at Aqueduct under the picture of Roseben, Slim voiced his indignation.

"I have been all over the circuit and the frying pan circuit and the only remark made against me was that I won when least expected, when I could get a price. I never gave a horse anything stronger than a little absinthe and black coffee, just as much as I'd take myself after a bad night.

"It's jealousy. Some of the fellows who knew me when I was out on the frying pan circuit with a few skinners have been putting in the rap against me. The frying pan circuit? Don't expose your ignorance. That is the half mile route where your stables are the great wide open spaces and your kitchen your frying pan. O, yes, I've been there.

"But I want to tell you one thing. I heard the whisper of larceny often enough and it was seductive, but never did I come even close to listening while I was under the Stars and Stripes. I'm just as strong a patriot as George M. Cohan that way. But once on the other side of the Rio Grande, where a stranger has to commit larceny in self-defense, I almost yielded to the quaint customs of the country."

What follows is the story of The Ringers of Juarez as Slim Foley told it in the kitchen of the Lone Pine Stables at Aqueduct.

Juarez was full of revolutions and bedbugs—chinches, they called them in those days. What with Pancho Villa, the chinches, and a run of hard luck, I was desperate. I couldn't get one of my skinners in the money. I sat in at a poker game with a lot of Carranza's colonels and they took me. I went to a few cockfights and every rooster I bet on got killed. I even went to the bullfight and bet fifty to one on every bull they trotted out with Dynamite Brady, and every one of the bulls was killed.

Carranza's boys were holding Juarez and the race track at the time. Villa was hanging in the offing somewhere expecting to crash in, because whoever held the race track got a nice rake-off every day in United States gold coin. Every day or so they said that Villa was coming, but it got to be like the old cry of "wolf." Personally, I began to wish he would come. I thought it might change the luck.

Dynamite Brady was an old gambler who played everything from Nome to Goldfield. He came to Juarez to make book, but changed his mind.

"There are too many generals around the dump," he told me. "Also they're the toughest bunch of generals I ever saw. I sat in with a few of them the other night and the head general was dealing them from the bottom of the deck.

"Seeing that every general had at least a pair of Colts on him, I was too polite to make any remarks. I excused myself early after dropping a thousand. How goes it with you, Slim?"

"Well, Dynamite," I said, with my usual frankness, "I am just about ripe to pry loose a piece of lead pipe with which to tap the wealthiest general on the head, relieving him of his roll and hurrying at least as far off as the Canadian line."

"Very crude, Slim," said Dynamite. "Is that all the imagination you have?"

I think to this day that Dynamite Brady hypnotized the idea into my head with those cold, fishy eyes of his. I know that it came to me in a flash and that I hadn't been hatching it for any time—at least not seriously, because larceny is entirely foreign to my nature when on my native soil, which I wasn't at the time.

THE best of the lot I had at Juarez was Misanthrope, a bay colt by Black Friday. As a two-year-old he was not bad, but as a three-year-old he was not good. Anyhow, I couldn't win with him at Juarez. I took Misanthrope with me, leaving his half brother by the same sire, Misfortune, with my partner, Dan Riley, at New Orleans.

Now these two colts were both bays with white stars on their foreheads and their conformation was almost identical. The only difference was that Misanthrope had four white stockings, while Misfortune had only three, the stocking being missing on the off fore leg. Nevertheless, a desperate man thinks desperate thoughts, especially when he is being hypnotized by the cold, fishy eyes of Dynamite Brady.

I had a letter from Dan that morning telling me how well Misfortune was working out. Dan was so enthusiastic that he was talking about him for the Derby, and Dan was no optimist by nature. They used to call him "Doleful" Dan on the frying pan circuit.

"Think hard," said Dynamite Brady. "Are two good gringos like you and me going to allow ourselves to be outthought by an inferior race of generals?"

"I have thought," I said. Then I told him all about the notion I had for the Chihuahua

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"He insulted a beautiful Mexican girl, the mo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

Handicap, which was just two weeks off. I would wire Riley to ship Misfortune and a couple of platers for a blind, also my other jockey, Sanchez. I had Burke, the New York jock, with me, but he had got too friendly with the native tequila, which is no tipple for an inexperienced or erratic drinker.

I liked Sanchez better, anyhow. I picked him up in Southern California when I was playing the Santa Anita track. He was Mex or part Mex, I thought. Burke was a New York guttersnipe. But here is another coincidence. These two jockeys would have passed for twins anywhere. This made my scheme almost too hard to resist. Misanthrope, with Burke up, would be the entry. Misfortune, with Sanchez up, would do the work.

I'll admit that it was larceny plain and simple, or rather plain and complicated. But there was larceny in the air at Juarez, and, I regret to say, also in the air of El Paso, which is on what should have been the less larcenous side of the Rio Grande.

Dynamite Brady listened most attentively. When I went over the whole thing he said with some enthusiasm, "Slim, as Colonel Roosevelt said, 'You and I are practical men.' In addition, we are men with imaginations. Cortez may have died thinking he conquered Mexico, but you and I will do the real work, not only to the land of the bedbugs but to every hand book in our own beloved country. Let's libate."

AT the bar we met General de la Guerra, who had charge of the guards at the track and did the collecting for the government. The general was a ringer for Villa in looks and in habits. When complaints were registered against any particular guard the General would shoot him personally. He was most obliging that way.

I don't think he liked anything American except the frankfurters sold by the American caterer to the track, one of Harry Stevens' boys. He had a plate of these and a lot of rolls in front of him when we waltzed in.

"Hello, 'Gen,'" I said, because I got pretty well acquainted with him and had slipped him a few good tips besides losing a couple of hundred to him at poker. "What will you have?"

The general took tequila and bought one back. When we managed to get out to drive over the International Bridge to El Paso so as to get a wire off to Dan Riley, Dynamite Brady took up the subject of the general.

"We can't let that bird in," he said, "And yet we ought to. He's the Pinkerton force of this track."

"Why not let him in, then?" I asked.

"He's the general who dealt them to me fro the bottom of the deck," said Dynamite. "A that is something I can't forgive in a friend game. If he's in, I'm out."

"Well, I'd sooner have the Gen with me th against me. But, if you object, he's blac balled," I said. I had a hunch the Gen shou have been wised up.

WE went over to the telegraph office and I se a night letter to Doleful Dan telling h to ship Misfortune and a couple of the sk ners, also informing him that the harrowi details would follow by special delivery. Dynamite Brady's room at the Paso del No I outlined the thing to Dan and gave him t code message I was to send when the killi

eautiful I ever have seen. I knocked him down."

as ready. It was, "Great misfortune. Send enty money."

In the meantime Brady sent three letters, e to New York, one to Chicago, and one to risco. They were all to loving friends who n pool rooms. Brady liked my code message well that he adopted it for his own signal to oot the works.

FTER that we just sat it out waiting for another revolutionary raid or the arrival of isfortune, and praying that Misfortune would at Pancho Villa into Juarez. Misfortune won is race pulled up and with a furlong to spare. e got Misfortune and the skinners into the ables in the dark of the moon and we com- red him with Misanthrope by lantern light. If it had not been for the missing stocking on Misfortune's foreleg nobody could have told them apart.

We smuggled Sanchez into Brady's room at the Paso del Norte. It wouldn't do to have him around the stables. Any little coincidence such as jockeys and horses that look like twins would cause gossip around stables. Unless you have been around them for a while you really would not believe how many evil-minded persons there are associating with the thoroughbreds, on terms of comparative intimacy.

It was an awkward job explaining to Sanchez. On American soil I never would have broached the subject of larceny to a boy, nor would I even think of tolerating anything of the sort, but south of the Rio Grande, as the poet said, "O, larceny! How many crimes are committed in thy name."

I explained to Sanchez.

"On Thursday you will ride Misfortune in the handicap," I told him. "Only your name will be Burke and the horse's name will be Misanthrope on the program."

He scowled. "Burke is a damn fool," he said. "He is no good. Also I tell you that Misanthrope is a better horse than Misfortune. I rode them both when they were two-year-olds. If Burke cannot win with Misanthrope it is because he is a rotten jockey. I, Pedro Sanchez, can ride Misanthrope and beat Misfortune over any distance."

"You'll do what you're told," I said. I raised that boy from nothing and I would take no back talk from him.

"Very well, then," he said. "But I cannot stay indoors till then. I must get out and have some air."

"You can't. It would start a lot of talk."

Sanchez opened a trunk and took out of it a big sombrero and sash. In a flash the sombrero was on his head and the sash around his middle.

"See," he said. "I am a Mexican. I will walk among the Mexicans and who would know me for an American jockey?"

The boy was right. He looked like any undersized peon of the locality. After making the demand I made on him, I hadn't the heart to stop him. So he passed out grinning into the night, while Dynamite and I tarried to work out the details.

Pedro was back in about three hours with some very bad news.

"I would not tell on another jockey, even Burke," he said. "But it is necessary. First, you must promise that nothing is to be done to Burke, pig though he is."

I promised.

"Burke was in the Mexican quarter and he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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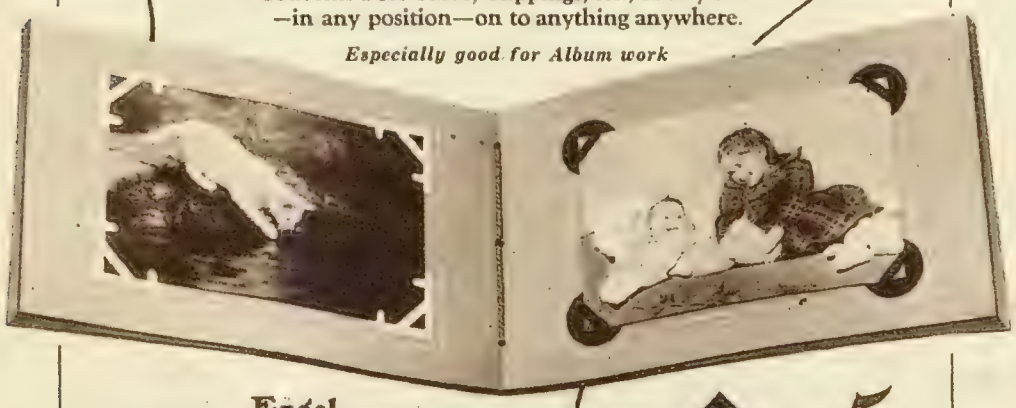

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

was very drunk," began Sanchez. "He insulted a beautiful Mexican girl. She is very beautiful, the most beautiful I ever have seen. Her name is Dolores Vallejo."

"Damn her name," said Dynamite Brady. "Tell us what happened. Was Burke pinched? Is that all? I can get him out."

"O, no," replied Sanchez. "I knocked him down. Also I am very sure I blackened one of his eyes and that it will come out very black."

This complicated matters. Dynamite began to swear. Then suddenly I got one of those inspirations for which I am noted in case of emergency .

"Which eye?" I demanded.

"It was the left," said Sanchez. "I hit him with my right and very hard because she is a very beautiful girl and her name is Dolores Vallejo."

"Sanchez," I said very angrily, "you have no right to mix your love affairs with business. You are to pass for Burke on Thursday. If he has a black eye, you also must have a black eye."

"Fine," said Dynamite Brady. "Instead of messing the thing up this Don Juan makes it a cinch."

"Very well, Mr. Foley," said Sanchez like a boy in a trance. He walked up to me and held up his face, putting his hands behind his back.

"Hit me a good one, Mr. Foley, because I certainly hit him a good one. She is very beautiful."

I hated to do it, but it had to be done. I drove my fist smartly against his left eye and he dropped to the floor. He sat up, holding the eye, a little dazed.

"Her name is Dolores Vallejo," he said. I gave him just a nip of tequila to bring him to. "Her brother is a captain in the army of Villa. The revolution is coming Thursday. *Viva la Revolución! Viva Villa! Viva Dolores Vallejo!*"

I didn't know that I could hit that hard.

I was so angry about the way Burke was acting up that I would have blackened his other eye. But that would have necessitated giving Sanchez a second black eye, which was not coming to him. You cannot go too far with jockeys. A lot of them are as temperamental as a big bunch of fillies at the post.

ON an eastern track our plan would have been smashed by those clockers. But, luckily, in Juarez the clockers adopted the peaceful custom of the land, taking a siesta whenever there was work in sight. So we managed to get some fairly good workouts just before dawn for Misfortune. The only clocking done at those workouts was done by myself and Dynamite Brady, and I must say that Misfortune certainly showed us something.

He worked out so well that Dynamite Brady after the second workout said:

"How long has this Juarez track been going on?"

But I kept myself from being too optimistic. Constant association with the thoroughbreds and the people usually with them had taught me that no race was in until the numbers were posted and were official. Traveling on the frying pan circuit, a fellow learns to be prepared for the worst, at least mentally.

IN the daytime when the clockers came out to gather their information we worked out Misanthrope. I will say that my inspiration to poke Sanchez in the eye promised well. I could hear them saying, "What a peach of a shiner Burke has." With both of these jockeys having black eyes, even the most expert witness in the world could not have told them apart.

Come to think of it, that would have made a good comedy bit for Mr. Shakespeare in writing the Comedy of Errors. He could have put black eyes on the two *Dromios* and that would have got a laugh anywhere. But this thing was far from a comedy, what with me being desperately broke and a lively revolution likely to break right in my face at any minute and spill all of my frijoles, as they say south of the Rio Grande.

Once again that jockey, Sanchez, annoyed me with his insistence.

"Misanthrope is a better horse," he said. "I could ride him and win."

"Listen," I said. "You will ride Misfortune and imagine he is Misanthrope. This I am telling you for the last time."

"Very well," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "But I do not like to do this thing, because I am going to marry a very beautiful girl. Her name is Dolores Vallejo."

"Besides," I added, disregarding the jockey's Romeo proclivities, "you have to be careful not to stuff yourself, because we are going to get all the best of the weight."

"I will be light enough. I am so much in love that I will be well under the weight. By Thursday I will be a shadow."

As I said before, larceny and I have been comparative strangers and I was nervous up to the day of the race. Burke was getting more and more sullen, and the other jockey being in love was a constant worriment to me. I am mentioning these things to demonstrate that uneasy lies the head that is filled with larcenous ideas.

Blazes drew top weight, but nevertheless it was certain that Blazes would be the favorite. He was a good, sound horse, all right, slow to break, but in the mile he could pick up plenty, and Jenkins was the best jockey in that place

General de la Guerra rose, a little bewildered.

He was a logical favorite, all right, to anybody who did not know what I knew.

THE track drew big that day. Big crowds came in from all over Texas and the Southwest. But there was an especially big gathering of Mexicans, more Mexicans than I ever had seen at the Juarez track. In one section of the stand there was almost a sea of sombreros.

I went over everything at the stables with O'Hara, my assistant, and the two jockeys. Burke was to stay hidden until the next day. Misanthrope was to be concealed in the innermost stall. Above all, nobody was to get even a peep into the stables. That night all of the stock was to be moved across the Rio Grande. If the worst came to the worst, both of the horses were to be lost in the river, purely by accident.

Dynamite Brady had gone across the Rio to send the code message from the telegraph office, "Great misfortune. Send plenty of money." We decided to add, "Make it strong," figuring that the natural intelligence of the boys at the other end of the wire would interpret this to mean that it looked like a cinch.

I was sauntering around the ring just before the third race getting a line on the probable odds. Blazes was even money and Misanthrope was standing at twenty to one.

General de la Guerra tapped me on the shoulder in an ominously affectionate manner and I did not like the look in his eyes. I certainly did not like the look in his eyes.

"My friend," he said. "Please come to my box. I am very lonesome and I would like so much to talk to you."

"But Gen," I said. "I've got to saddle my horse in the next one."

"Let somebody else saddle him. You cannot refuse me your company when I tell you I am lonesome. You must not refuse me this great favor."

There was nothing to do but follow him, and I took a seat in one corner of the box. The general waved to a waiter. "Bring us plenty of tequila, some soda, and bring me about twenty of those *perros calientes* (hot dogs)."

They were at the post for the third race and I was fidgeting about in the seat. The general poured me a drink, took one himself and began to nibble at a frankfurter. Then he took one of his forty-fives out of the holster and put it in his lap.

"It is so much more comfortable here when one is eating," he explained.

"Señor Foley," he continued. "I have bet a lot of money on the favorite. Some of it was mine. Some of it belonged to my brigade. If I lose I lose. But I like to lose fairly.

"I have heard a strange tale from a jockey. It may be the tale of the cock and the bull, as you say. But he was very positive. After the race my men will remove the bandages from the fore legs of this Misanthrope. If they are all white all will be well. But if one of them is not white there will be an accident in my box. Please to compose yourself."

He took another frankfurter from his plate and munched it with a great show of enjoyment. I tried to force a laugh, but it was a very dry cackle.

IT was one of those brilliant days and in that sunlight even Juarez looked beautiful. Any part of the world, even the Jersey Meadows, would have looked highly desirable then with that frankfurter-eating murderer warning me that I was about to take my last lingering peek. I looked around. Nothing but Mexicans everywhere in that section of the grandstand.

I did not watch that third race at all. For once in my life the horses did not interest me at all. As I recall it, I was thinking of a porterhouse steak and beer at the Waldorf grill. Life always appears at its best when a fellow thinks that he is going to leave it very suddenly.

The bugle began to call them to the post for the handicap and they paraded past the judges' stand. Blazes was wearing Number 1. The horse that was passing for Misanthrope was wearing Number 3.

"Do you think your horse has a chance?" the general asked.

Even then I could not help saying, "I think he'll win." I was going to be killed anyhow, so I was desperate enough to be impudent.

He only smiled, chewed on another frankfurter, and shifted the revolver in his lap. It was hot enough in that box, but I felt chilled again all over and it was all that I could do to keep my teeth from giving an imitation of the castanets the girls rattled in the dance halls.

There were nine in the field and they were a long time at the post. One of Hanlon's horses was mussing up the whole bunch at the barrier. They broke well enough. I saw my green and gold colors shoot out in the lead in the first few jumps. I was frightened enough to have wished that he had been left at the post.

But once the race was on the thing got into my blood as it always does. I hunched over and began to chatter, as is my custom, "Come on, little horse! Come on, you little Lone Pine baby!"

At the quarter Blazes started to get into his stride and passed a couple of them. A good strong horse, that Blazes. But Misfortune, running for Misanthrope, was running the race that I had schooled him for. Nothing but breaking down could stop him. You could get that at the half. He was leading by nearly three lengths. At the three-quarters Blazes was coming up, but very slowly.

They came down the stretch and my green and gold colors flashed under the wire a good length and a half ahead of Blazes. I gave a

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good hearty yell, but then I got very cold again. The general was on the last few of his frankfurters, and the look in his eyes was the look that a rattlesnake puts on when he means business.

"I congratulate you," he said. "Afterward, we shall see."

The bunch swept by. Presently they turned. My horse trotted back to the judges' stand and the jockey raised his whip and got the O. K. Then a queer thing happened. The horse bolted suddenly and dashed off the track in among the stables and was lost to sight.

I looked at the general. It looked as though a miracle was about to be enacted to save me. The general gulped down the last frankfurter and pulled out a watch.

"I regret to inform you, *Señor*," he said in a voice that made me feel colder still, "that if the horse and jockey do not return within five minutes the accident which I dread will happen."

I COULD hear that watch tick even above the noises in the stands. I had made up my mind that I was not going to die sitting there waiting for it. I was setting myself for a spring when there was a commotion down in what passed for the lawn. There was a volley of shots and a scurrying about. In the mêlée all that I could make out distinctly was White Hat Hennessey, the bookmaker, dashing across the field. Mexicans were falling right and left, and I could hear the yell, "Viva Villa!"

General de la Guerra rose, a little bewildered. Then he pointed the revolver at me. As he raised it there was a shot close by and he pitched forward in the box, dead.

A young Mexican jumped in beside me and kicked at the body with his foot.

"Go in peace, *Señor*," he said to me. "Also you may thank the good General Villa."

I went in peace, but very rapidly. The Americans were dashing for exits and scurrying in the direction of the International Bridge. In my natural haste I did not take much stock of what had happened, but it seemed that Villa had planted some of his *hombres* inside the track and that they picked off most of De la Guerra's men at the first volley. It looked very much as though the Juarez meet had closed *sine die*, as they say.

As my fellow countrymen and I proceeded with much alacrity toward the American side of the Rio Grande, General Villa seemed to have moved up a few cannon and was enjoying himself by shelling a few of the prominent buildings at Juarez. I never heard sweeter music than the bugles of the cavalry regiments on the American side and I could have kissed the adobe of the Texas bank of the Rio Grande.

They were rushing over some of the horses at the time. I finally saw O'Hara and a couple of the stable boys with all of the stock with the exception of Misanthrope and Misfortune, the only two that were worth their oats.

"Where are the Black Friday colts?" I demanded.

"Ask those two damned jocks," said O'Hara. "First, Burke rides off with one and then Sanchez with the other. You're lucky I got these. The Mexican generals are over there now helping themselves to thoroughbreds."

After all, I was more than lucky to have come across that river with my life. I got O'Hara and my stable together and we threw ourselves on the hospitality of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, which was praying for permission from Washington to swim the river and join in that purely personal and private fight over the way.

They let me put my stock in the picket line and the captain of K Troop invited me to have something to steady me. We hardly had passed the time of day when O'Hara came breaking into the tent.

"O, boss," he said. "Come out and see if you can see what I think I see."

THE captain and I followed him out, and there at the head of the troop street was Sanchez holding two horses. They were spattered with mud, and his silks, my silks, were so caked with mud you couldn't tell what colors they were. Both of them were saddled. Standing alongside of the jockey was a Mexican girl. One of those horses was Misanthrope and one was Misfortune, but which was which nobody could tell at the moment.

"This," said Sanchez with a sweeping bow, "is the Señorita Dolores Vallejo, who will do me the favor to marry me very pronto. These are your horses."

"Yes, but——"

"It was this way," began Sanchez. "I ride the race. I am coming down the stretch when I can see that this thief of a Burke is riding away with one of your horses. I finish and I win. I hurry back to the stand. Then I ride after him. I know that I can catch him because I am riding the faster horse.

"He rides toward the Rio Grande, that horse thief. I ride after him. He takes to the water. I take after him. My horse also is a better swimmer. He is a better horse in every way. In the middle of the river I catch up to him. There at this point Burke, he met with an accident. He remains in the Rio Grande. I come to this side with both of the horses. Burke does not come. He never will come. It is unlucky to steal horses."

THE little Mexican girl was holding his arm. "Also, it may be that you should be thankful to Miss Vallejo, because she told me to be ready for the revolution. Her brother is a captain with Villa. He was ordered to shoot General de la Guerra."

"He certainly did that little thing," I said. "And I never enjoyed a shooting so much in my life before. If that was the lady's brother, please tell her that he is a warm personal friend of mine, and very shortly I am going to make a nice contribution to any revolution he happens to be interested in."

Then Sanchez rather hesitated.

"I want to talk to you in private," he said. I moved away from the group of cavalrymen. Sanchez followed and put his mouth close to my ear.

"Boss, I disobeyed orders," he said. "I rode Misanthrope. I knew that he was the better horse."

I had to hug the boy there before them all. In one day I had escaped shooting by a frankfurter-eating murderer and from the tentacles of larceny. Never since have those tentacles come anywhere near to getting a hold on me. I was cured.

Sanchez? Well, you see that fat little fellow over there? He helps me train. That's Sanchez. Married life agreed too well with him. His Mexican wife was too good a cook. He just stuffed himself out of the saddle into the ground work. Jockeys never should marry good cooks if they want to stay in the business.

Keep this dark. But if you want to make expenses get a little bet down on my colt, Misanthrope II., in the third tomorrow.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

And Maybe She Did!

The silence which invariably prevails in a Pullman when the train stops reigned in car K-32. Even vivacious little Bobby, who had been attracting considerable attention to Section 7, was quiet. His nose pressed firmly against the car window, he was very much interested in a cow which was grazing on a grass plot near the tracks. A shiftless looking individual lay on the ground nearby holding the end of a rope with which his cow was tethered. Suddenly Bobby exclaimed: "O, mother, I know now—the cow is cutting the grass for the man."—Wm. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

Quite Right

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed to behave. "If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say, 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Marjorie," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite."

"No, thank you," said the little girl, "I have already bitten."—J. P., Columbus, O.

* * *

Irene's Farsightedness

Irene had been watching grandma baking a cake. When the cake was baked and set to cool, grandma took off her glasses and laid them down, whereupon Irene said: "Grandma, why do you wear those glasses?"

"Because they make things look bigger than they really are," said grandma.

After several minutes' silent thinking Irene said: "Well, grandma, when you're cutting my piece of cake tonight will you take your glasses off?"—W. C., Belleville, N. J.

* * *

Patty Cake! Patty Cake!

Jane was upwards of two years old before she was taken to a public entertainment. She sat quietly until after the first number, a classic in piano music, but when the audience applauded she suddenly evinced much animation. "Patty cake, patty cake!" she squealed.—D. H. T., Salem, Ore.

* * *

He Was "Through"

Bobbie was eating dinner with his grandmother one Sunday. As usual his grandmother could not refuse his requests and it was not long before he put his knife and fork on his plate, gave a long sigh, and said, "Muvver, please help me down, I'm so through I hurt."—C. B., Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

It Looked Like New

A little child in the neighborhood always had a dirty face. One day one of the neighbors met him when his face was clean and said, "Is this a new little face?"

"No," replied the child, "it isn't new; muvver just washed it."—B.H., Louisiana, Mo.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 53

YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

The Joy of Life, the Creative Instinct, the Will to Do—Are They Being Repressed and Stunted in the Young by Orders to "Sit Still and Keep Still" in School? This Article Declares They Are

By ANGELO PATRI

Picture by JOHN A. HAELEN

The life of a child is a book in which are written the life histories of all his ancestors, bequeathed to him as his own life story.

THE people of this generation believe in education. They have such faith in it that they pass laws compelling parents to send their children to school. They believe in it so thoroughly that they tax themselves millions upon millions of dollars to maintain these schools. And yet there rises the question: Are the children really being educated?

A little boy is taken to school to be entered for eight years of education. He is squirming with life, investigating, questioning, noisily inquisitive, boundlessly active.

"Who's that man? What's he writing? Why's he—Oo-oo, see that man over there. He's only got one leg. Who did it to him? Will it be all right again? What's the bell ringing for? I know what he's doing. Mother, he's opening the door for the children to come out. I'm going to see."

The boy is hushed and gentled into a classroom and seated on a bench, one of a long, shining row fastened to the floor. He looks about him wide eyed, alert. "I haven't any book," he announces with cheerful loudness.

"Sh-h-h," cautions the low voiced teacher. "I'll attend to your book. Fold your hands on your desk and sit still." *Sit still* is the order of the day and *keep* still is the order of the school.

He learns to read and write and spell, learns a little history and geography and arithmetic and grammar, and is, after eight years or so, ready to be graduated, ready for a venture into the business world or for another period of sitting and listening and reciting in high school.

Is he brighter, more active, more curious, more constructive than when he entered school? If he is the usual child of the mass and trained in the mass he is docile and quiescent. He is more like the lad who returned to school a year after graduation to tell his teacher what he had been doing.

"I've been to France, and Germany, and Italy."

"Wonderful! How did you ever get such a chance? What did you see over there?"

"Went over with an automobile agent selling cars. Germany? Terrible. Only about two men in the country with money enough to buy a car. You know, that very rich one and the one who was premier. France? Terrible. Italy? I saw some of the styles of architecture. Don't know their names. I saw three of those big men in the black shirts, the what-you-call-'ems? Yes. I saw three of them; great big fellows they were, with black shirts.

"O, yes, we didn't do so bad. We sold a few. No, I'm not going back. The fellow is going to Egypt, but he's taking a pet of his along. I gotta look for a job. O, anything. I'm not particular. I gotta friend looking out for me."

Ten years before he had entered a school eager to learn. After eight years of schooling, training, he had gone to Europe at the time of its awful woe and hadn't the power to interpret a single happening or a single person he encountered. An exaggerated case? A striking one, true, but there are more such graduating from the schools than educators like to admit.

We are not getting the best possible product from the educative process, and yet the schools of America are admittedly the best in the world.

MANY reasons are ascribed for this, but to my mind the most potent is the absence of real work from the curriculum. We never teach the children to *do* anything that counts with the knowledge we give them. We are forever preparing them for something they may do in the future. Our education is a book education, words, words, words, a lovely inspiring message for those who delight in abstractions, but a befuddling, bewildering influence upon those set for action. Then why teach that way?

Custom. Tradition. The school is the stronghold of precedence. The environment of our children has changed tremendously during the last century, when the home was the center of industry, the seat of authority, the source of religious instruction, the inspiration and the court of judgment of conduct.

When the parents went out of the home to work all this was changed. The children lost the close personal contact with their parents; home education, with its work and its standards of duty, ceased. The school was the only substitute and, because parents did not recognize the crisis for what it was, the school never took over in wholehearted fashion the home duties, but remained what it has always been, a supplementary educative force concerned only with the three R's.

The world of industry broadened, interests multiplied, life took on an ever shifting complexity, drifting farther and farther from the isolated cloistered school with its books and its dream life; a life of thought and word, of ideals and aspirations, but a life without action, without deeds.

How could such a school fit children for such a life? Here and there a group of parents sensed the lack and set about supplying it, and here and there a school became conscious of its failing and asked for a chance to make it good, but the great group went on unheeding, or, if the teacher ventured a step out of the rut, protested.

"You needn't bother teaching my daughter to cook or sew. I can do that myself. You just teach her her lessons."

"I don't want my son to be a plumber or a printer. All I'm asking you to do is to teach him his lessons."

"What do you mean by putting work into the schools? You are training children for the mills and the factories, betraying the children of the workers into the hands of the capitalists. Not a cent shall you have."

When the boy on the farm mended a whiffle-

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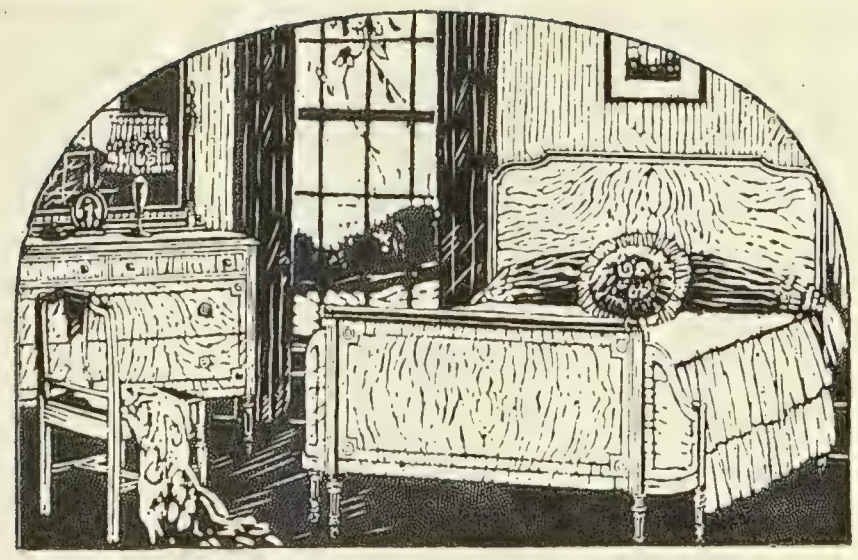

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Do you believe in luck?
Do you hanker for a hunch?

LUCK, according to Bernard M. Baruch, is not some flitting thing which is one's by mere chance. A HUNCH is not something which mysteriously alights on one's shoulder out of nowhere. Both are the offspring of experience, study, conscientious knowledge and vigorous research.

Read—"Luck Doesn't Make Millions"
By Seamus Dillon — An inspiring feature of next week's Liberty which tells about Bernard M. Baruch, analyzes his Wall Street successes, tells of the man as he is today.

Be sure to read it!

Luck Doesn't Make Millions

By Seamus Dillon

In next week's

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

tree there was no intention of making him a wheelwright. When he sharpened a scythe there was no scheme to make a toolmaker of him. When he ditched and cleared a bit of land nobody dreamed of his being a laborer all his life. He was being educated in the real sense because he was mastering the forces of life as they rose about him.

He was gaining experience through his muscles and nerves that were waking his intelligence. He was growing a mind on the only roots that a mind can grow upon—muscle and nerve impressions. He was tasting the joy of discovering that he could *do* something with his mind and body. He could actually change the world about him. It is that basis of education which is lacking in our schools today.

There is no cause to fear that a child will be committed to a life of hard labor because he works for an hour a day in a school shop putting life into the dead bones of his book knowledge. There is much more danger of his unfitness if he gets no such opportunity. I cannot prophesy what the life work of any given child will be, but I do know that unless he learns to check up his word knowledge by handling actual things, by putting his mind and energy upon a constructive job and measuring the results of his efforts by a critical "Will it work?" he will never do anything worth while in any field.

There's nothing in the world that teaches the value of an idea so promptly and so effectively as the *doing* of it and accepting the responsibility for the doing. *Unless a thing "works" for you, it does not exist for you.*

How is that to be done in the schools? By making practice follow precept even in the beginners' classes. When a teacher gives a lesson in hygiene, emphasizing the necessity of having clean teeth, the job is not to be considered completed until the teeth are actually cleaned. If not, it were better that the lesson had not been given. There are enough people in the world now, too many, who believe they have done something when they have only made a speech about it or written another law on the statute books.

NOT long ago a city teacher gave a lesson in civics. It was a fine lesson setting forth the duty of keeping the streets clean and the responsibility of each householder to take proper care of the garbage.

On his way back to the school after luncheon he was greeted by a shower of chop bones from the upper window of an apartment house. He noted that they came from Sylvia's apartment.

"Sylvia," said he later, "why didn't you learn that lesson I gave you about garbage?"

"Why, I did. I learned every word of it. I can show you. I have every word of it in my notebook."

Then the teacher organized a sanitary squad, divided the district into blocks, and put the lesson into practice, thereby learning it. The street cleaning department man went into the school and took the children into partnership and made them feel that they were truly helping. They did something.

THE word school isn't enough. It is the beginning, always the beginning. It is too limited, too far away from actual things and everyday practices.

The mistake lies in believing that a child's mind is a clean sheet upon which the schools may write whatever they please. Not so. The mind of a child is a book in which are written the life histories of all his ancestors bequeathed to him as his own life story. The book of his intelligence is sealed behind the walls of flesh. It must stay sealed unless the child himself opens it, and the only way he may do that is through his hands. The only way he may add his chapter to the tale is by his hands.

And growing out of that first error is a second: Many persons think that education is something that we may give a child. No power on earth can do that. Education is something that a child must take. He takes it up from the earth and transforms it into intelligence by the experiences that he gathers through his nerves and muscles—and his *hands*.

Too often the schools interfere between a child and his education. "I'll give you a book. I'll tell you what to do. I'll show you how. I'll give you orders when the time comes. I'll do the thinking. I'll do your growing." Very well meaning, but very, very wrong.

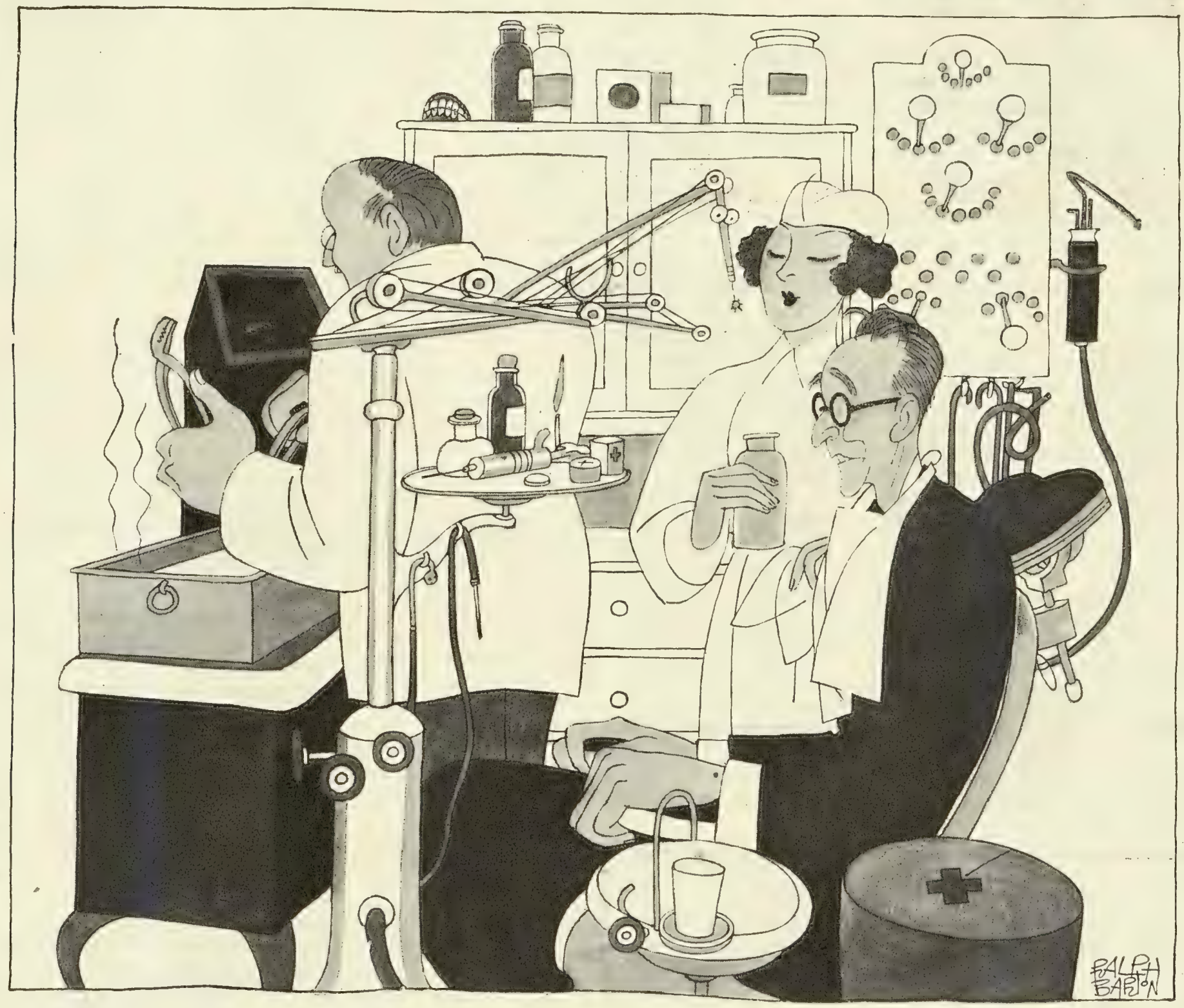
The product of the isolated, bookish, conventional, lopsided school is not educated. He is trained, which is an entirely different thing. He waits for instructions, a passive recipient who satisfies his mind with forms and his soul with an empty ritual.

The educated individual is a leader, a thinker, a builder. The creative power with which he was endowed from the beginning has been released and put to work in the service of himself and his fellows. By his joy you shall know him.

Is your son being educated or is he being trained?

In another interesting article, to appear soon, Angelo Patri will describe Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in which the plan of coördinating theory and practice in education is being tried with apparent success.

A LITTLE WIDER, PLEASE!



Mr. Fullerton in Dr. Hasbrouck's inner shrine—suggestive of the Sing Sing death chamber.

The Story of New York's Leading Tooth Extractor, Who Each Year Averages 5,000 Teeth, 15,000 Naughty Words from Patients, 34,800 Ouches, and Close to a Million Ohs!

By HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by *RALPH BARTON*

HOW would you like to pull teeth all day? To live amid a chorus of "Ouches" and "Ohs"—and to stand, forceps in hand, smilingly greeting a lugubrious procession of grouchy, terrorized, nerve-wracked persons, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them scared and irritable, half of them "braced up" by some drink or drug which makes them worse? But to send them away smiling in spite of pain—O, boy—what a grand and glorious feeling!

In order to interview Dr. James F. Hasbrouck, America's champion long distance extractor, it was necessary to make an appointment and have him pull five teeth, thus combining business, pain, and necessity. Interviewing a dentist while he has one side of your face frozen solid, is exploring the interior regions with forceps and gently juggling bicuspids, molars, and wisdom teeth, apparently trying to keep three going at once, is not easy. One cannot think of many questions beyond: "Say, doc, is this next one going to hurt?" He does most of the talking while this is going on—and it is difficult to get much information out of "Open a little wider, please," or "Just a moment, now—I'm not going to hurt you much."

Persons who have their teeth pulled think the dentist is having a lot of fun, but compared with his job, that of an undertaker is cheerful and that of a surgeon a happy one. Imagine working six hours a day, averaging a patient every fifteen minutes, extracting from one to twenty teeth per victim, and then smiling when the next sufferer enters! That figures (counting an average of two teeth per patient) forty-eight teeth a day, or (counting seven months to the year) close to five thousand teeth per year. Carrying the statistics further, Dr. Hasbrouck probably extracts fifteen thousand damns, thirty-four thousand eight hundred "Ouches," and close to a million "Ohs" each year.

Dr. Hasbrouck has been the leading tooth extractor of New York for a quarter of a century, and his father was one of the best known dentists in the country, while his grandfather, besides being a well known physician, extracted teeth with an instrument resembling a stump puller.

It is probable that those three generations have extracted enough teeth to make ivory combs for all South America, and enough groans to supply the radio of the world with new and weird noises.

The editor, who is efficient, granted me time off to get teeth pulled, and suggested that, to save time, it would be a good idea to get a funny story about how people act in a dentist's office. If that fellow got into a ward full of people with lumbago he would probably laugh himself to death.

THE scene in the outer office of an extractor is surprisingly funny to anyone with perfectly sound teeth. It is odd that the promoters of the Inquisition or the producers of musical comedy never thought of it. Half a

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dozen men and one woman sitting around the room, glaring at each other, trying to pretend to be composed, trying to pretend to read old magazines, every one of them hating each other and particularly hating the smiling, white gowned lady assistant who seems so happy.

I remember once sitting in the office of an extractor in a suburban town. In a tree outside the window a robin was singing joyously. A big man who had been grimacing and twitching his face, suddenly leaped up, grabbed a book and hurled it through the window at the robin.

"Howinell can anything be so happy when everything else in the world is so miserable?" he demanded.

The fellow who dared say "It's a nice day" in the anteroom of an extractor's office probably would be lynched, which is the secret of the tense, strained silence marking such rooms.

Whenever a newcomer enters, the others glare at him. Instantly he is reduced to whispers, gives his name and business in subdued tones and joins the glarers. Whenever the door to the inner office opens every one jumps; the man whose turn is next sets his jaw determinedly, a light of mingled fear and determination shines in his eyes, and he walks rapidly into the inner shrine, white tiled, with a chair, suggestive of the Sing Sing death chamber, to receive him.

You will observe in offices of extractors that the door leading to the outer hallway is so placed that the patient cannot pass it on his way to the private rooms. If it were, a large percentage of those inward bound might bolt and escape. Even now a few escape at the last minute, but as a tribute to the heroism of the race, the majority hurry to the ordeal. In fact, at the crisis, the majority are relieved, and anxious to have the agony ended as soon as possible.

During my wait I reviewed my past life and was on the point of hating my maiden aunts who gave me candy when I was a small boy. When I first entered the reception room I assumed an air of ease, and smiled, even attempting a light, airy bit of persiflage with the young lady attendant. Then, glancing joyously around the room (just to convince them I was not nervous or scared) I had the sudden impression of being Daniel the day he braved the lions. I was surrounded by glowering, gleaming eyes, and fancied I heard low threatening growls. My spirits sank to fourteen below zero and my teeth suddenly ceased aching. I began to regret taking hasty action in having the teeth extracted. After delaying seventeen years, why be hasty? I mildly considered walking out, casually, perhaps stopping to snap the lid of my watch shut to deceive the others into thinking I was busy and could not afford to wait—then the teeth suddenly ached again and I remained.

GODEY'S Lady's Book of years ago and some current literature occupied my time for a few minutes, during which I observed every one glaring at me. I hated the fat man next to the inner door with deadly hatred and rejoiced when he jerked down one side of his face, put a hand on his jaw and suppressed a groan. I hoped the doctor would break his jaw bone. With even more deadly hatred I hated the doctor who popped out of the door at short intervals, following some fellow who was trying to keep from gloating over us, even while smiling a vacuous, idiotic grin of relief. I sympathized with the fellow who threw the book at the robin. What right had anyone to be happy when all the rest of the world was so miserable? I hated the doctor for his smile, and wanted to strangle his assistant whose professional smirk refused to change and who was so inordinately cheerful.

I thought of the Bad Man out in New Mexico who went to the dentist to have a tooth pulled. He was a real Bad Man, with the accent on the Bad, and his gun was so full of notches it felt like a file. The dentist had heard of the Bad Man's record and was nervous; so much so that he pulled the wrong tooth.

The Bad Man, spluttering, leaped from the dentist's chair, jerked out his gun and pressed it to the body of the trembling extractor. Instead of shooting he forced the dentist back into the chair. Then he seized the forceps and, ordering the dentist to open his mouth "a little wider," extracted seven of his teeth.

That, I felt, would be picturesque justice. I long to hold the forceps and extract teeth, grin and all, from some of the doctors.

It was exactly four years and two months (corrected time, forty minutes) before the assistant announced that it was my turn. I gave one panic stricken glance toward the exit, braced myself for fear the glaring ones around the room would think I was afraid, forced a Madame Jarley wax works grin, and stepped briskly toward the torture chamber. Of such stuff is a hero made. But for the fact that the others might have thought me afraid I would have bolted toward the elevator.

Ten minutes later, with a sickly grin and with five teeth wrapped up as trophies, I shook the dentist's hand warmly, called him "Doc," and felt that he was my best friend. Out of fellow feeling I refrained from grinning from pure joy as I passed the line of grouchy, frightened individuals in the anteroom and wondered why they were afraid of a trifling pain like this.

That tells the story of the patient, but what of the dentist?

EXTRACTING teeth is not pure pleasure. If the extractor should use the time worn statement of our fathers, "This hurts me worse than it does you," he would be nearer the truth than is the father who applies the switch to the seat of the small boy's trousers.

Does it hurt the dentist as much as it does the patient? Well! Doctor Hasbrouck is forced to take at least five months in the year off for vacation in order to restrict his practice, has to have a number of assistants, and even then suffers from his work.

In addition to the long period of convalescence from the strain of pulling teeth Dr. Hasbrouck has to undergo long and careful training and to watch his physical condition as closely as does a champion athlete. Hours of exercise, of diet, of hard training, of abstinence from smoking, from coffee, or anything liable to disturb the nerves is essential and even then the busy extractor must be strong and healthy to stand the strain.

"One of the greatest writers in the world," Doctor Hasbrouck remarked, "who was a patient, said he could learn more of human nature in the waiting room of a dentist's office than he could anywhere else. A student there would see a great deal of raw human nature."

Doctor Hasbrouck summoned his attendant and asked:

"How many of the people who come here are scared?"

"Ninety-nine per cent," she replied with a laugh. "Sometimes I think one hundred per cent. Most of them would face amputation of a leg with less fear than they show of having a tooth pulled."

"There!" he said. "The terror of anticipation! Many who come here are sick, very sick. With them the extraction of teeth is only part of getting well.

"Many of those who come to have their teeth pulled take bracers, which make matters worse. Anticipation is much worse than realization—in this instance. Patients work themselves up to a highly nervous condition by imagination, and make extraction more painful for themselves and harder for the extractor.

"Almost everyone suffers from what we call fear of having a tooth pulled. It is not exactly fear but the play of the imagination upon the nervous systems. A very few bolt after reaching the office and refuse to go through, but they return, repentant, and have the tooth pulled. More delay by breaking appointments and suffer for a longer time from the dread anticipation.

"THE dread of the dentist probably is inherent, a relic of the past when the extraction of a tooth was a painful and even dangerous ordeal. My grandfather, who was a general practitioner, pulled teeth with an instrument which I still have. It consisted of a lever and a fine chain to fasten around the tooth. It got the tooth out, sometimes with a section of the jawbone.

"Generations have handed down the same dread of the dentist, yet no profession has made the advances that dentistry has. The discoveries of chloroform, ether, cocaine, gas, novocaine—a score of pain allaying agencies—have robbed dentistry of nearly all its attendant suffering but without robbing the patients of their dread of it.

"Scared? Of course; almost every one is. The dentist can tell the condition of the patient at a glance. When any one comes in with normal color, whose hands rest comfortably on the arms of the chair, and whose face is not wet with perspiration and says, 'Doctor, I'm scared to death,' then we know that he isn't scared a bit. The other ninety-nine per cent are scared; not of the operation itself but frightened by their own imagination.

"The most common remark after the operation is over is, 'Why, it wasn't half as bad as I feared.' The truth is that it is not one-tenth as bad.

"Extracting as a distinct branch of dentistry is not new. My father was a specialist in extracting in 1865. Extracting requires different training and skill. It is trying on nerves.

"We train as carefully for the work as any athlete does for a fight, a race, or a game, otherwise no man could stand the work and the constant contact with persons in highly nervous condition, aside from the physical strain, which is considerable.

"The extractor must have steady nerves. I never smoke a cigar. I do—or did—take a drink occasionally, medicinally, of course. I must avoid coffee, and it is absolutely necessary that an extractor who expects to continue in the business successfully get at least eight hours' sleep.

"An extractor is weary, physically and nervously, at the end of six hours of tooth pulling, and needs all the relaxation he can get. It wears any man out. An extractor with a big practice should take off at least five months each year and devote himself to absolute rest and recuperation. Open a little wider — I think it has taken effect now——"

So saying, the good doctor proceeded to pluck five of my former teeth out and smiled. Oddly enough, I no longer hated the Doc. He was my best friend.

THE END

The robbery of students by card sharps is but an item in the operations of an organized group of de luxe swindlers who prey upon travelers.

WORKING *the* RATTLERS

By CHARLES W. LOBDELL

The Gamblers of the River Boats, the Smooth Sharpers of the Ocean Liners, Are in Our Midst Once More. Now They're de Luxe Travelers on the Fast Through Trains, Fleecing Unwary Tourists and Wealthy Students of Millions Annually

Picture by HERBERT BOHNERT

JUST before the great Eastern universities open for the fall semester and the sons of the wealthy families are swarming back to the bosom of alma mater, an unofficial faculty meets them and adds something to the sum of their sorrow and their knowledge.

By the time a train full of students reaches New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, a number of the young collegians have learned a valuable lesson, which is not to play cards with strangers, and an equal number of them are figuring how they can get through the semester without appealing to Dad for more funds.

The robbery of students by card sharps is but an item in the operations of an organized group of de luxe swindlers who prey upon travelers, especially those upon the fast through trains.

The style in crooked gambling has changed. The heavy "swell" who rode the old floating palaces on the Mississippi and the Alabama Rivers to prey upon the wealthy planters; the smooth card sharp who operated on the trans-Atlantic liners—in the vernacular "worked the tubs"—has switched to the fast through trains, "working the rattlers," as the fraternity expresses it. Within the last four years the operations of this organization of swindlers and confidence men have become so bold that the railroads, coöperating with the Pullman Company, have been aroused to make an intensive campaign against the sharpers.

The Pullman Company last February started an agitation against the gamblers by posting in every sleeping car and parlor car placards warning the traveling public against playing cards or entering into games of chance with strangers. Meantime the big railroads operating through trains, securing police powers for conductors and others, joined the crusade.

Did it work? Only fairly well. The experience of the railroad and sleeping car people has been that the "sucker" who is picked as the victim by the confidence man or men, since they usually work in pairs, resents bitterly any attempt to warn him aginst them, and is the stanchest defender of his "friends," which has made the work of checking the gang harder.

ON one of the fast trains operating between Chicago, Cleveland, and New York, just after the last Christmas holidays, one of the cars was occupied almost entirely by college men, chiefly Yale men, returning to school. In that car was a smooth, rather handsome, well dressed man, whose behavior was faultless and manners perfect. He confided to one of the boys that Yale was not what it was in his day, named his year and class and mentioned several of the athletic heroes of his day. The fact is, that this man has posed as a graduate of half a dozen colleges and really was graduated from a select Eastern school, which, however, he does not mention.

Before the train reached Buffalo he had cleaned the crowd pretty well. The Pullman conductor suspected him and called some of the train crew, who recognized him as having worked similar crowds before.

He got off the train rather hastily at Albany, went to Cleveland, and returned East again with another crowd. He was recognized and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

several of the boys were warned against him. Realizing that he was suspected, he refused to play in the bridge game, but he invited several of the fellows to "see New York as his guests." He lured them into a gambling house to a "friendly game," and after winning all their available cash at bridge refused to take it, saying they could send him the money when they were flush. The boys thought him a fine fellow. He laughingly remarked that, if they insisted, he would take their checks and hold them until they were ready to pay.

It is a rule with gamblers to "never give a sucker an even break," but this fellow was more than a gambler; he combined gambling with blackmail. When exposed that man held the checks of scores of college boys, lured in a similar manner. He kept the checks and used them as threats to keep the boys paying him, for fear he would tell their fathers of their having been victimized at cards.

Until three or four years ago there were only occasional cases of card sharps preying upon travelers, but since that time there is evidence that these crooked gamblers have one of the best organized associations the law ever has bumped against. Some of the leading sharpers are known, since they "rode the boats" on the Atlantic until detected and warned to stop.

Preying upon passengers on trains is a much faster and easier form of thievery than was "working the boats." The crooked gambler could not get off an Atlantic liner until it reached port, and unless he was extraordinarily cunning he was apt to fall under suspicion of the ship's officers or of the victims themselves if his "luck" became too remarkable. On a train the sharper can make a clean-up, then at the first opportunity drop off the train and work back along the same line.

ON the ships, or many of them, the card sharps worked in partnership with stewards and minor officers. On some ships the gamblers paid ten per cent of their stealings to smoking room stewards. In the old days of railroading some of the conductors and porters worked with the sure thing men.

This condition, it is asserted, has been eliminated. Yet even from passengers the "sucker" gets scant sympathy should he complain.

In this new development the gamblers work in pairs and, of course, pretend to be strangers. The gambler, after fleecing his victim, frequently accepts a check. He knows that, within a short time, the loser will suspect that he has been victimized and will telegraph to his bank to stop payment of the check.

Instead of making an overt move, the winner indorses the check over to his friend, who gets off the train and hurries back to the city containing the bank upon which the check is drawn, and nine times out of ten the check will be cashed before the protesting telegram is received.

An official of the Pullman Company who has led the fight against these swindlers says: "This gang plays them high and low, from business men to poor devils with one lung, one undershirt, and one dollar, and they'll take the undershirt if they get half a chance."

The fast overland trains from Chicago to California are choice picking grounds for the gamblers, but the long haul has its disadvantages, and the New York to Florida trains have become the most popular beats of the crooks.

One railroad detective, who was on the Florida beat during the last winter, remarked that if he had been seeking a place where he could round up half the first class crooks in America it would have been in Florida during the height of the season.

"Florida, Cuba, and the Bermudas afford the best working field for these crooks," he remarked. "They can work going there and coming back, work the boats to Havana and to the islands, and have rich picking at every resort during their stay. "I watched them on the trains, and they passed in review before me in hotels, on beaches, on the golf links. They were simply swarming, and the picking seemed to be good."

ONE pair of these crooks operated on a Chicago-Jacksonville through train last winter, and three men who were lured into their game lost nearly fifteen thousand dollars before the train reached Chattanooga, when the gamblers, fearing they would be suspected of crooked work, quit the train. The same pair operated on another line from Nashville to Jacksonville a day later and cleaned up, disappearing in Jacksonville after complaint had been lodged with the police.

The big operations in winter, however, are on the through trains from New York to Jacksonville, and one of the roads last winter conducted an intensive campaign which resulted in chasing most of the crooks off the trains. The company sent special officers on every train, placed card warnings in the cars, and issued orders to conductors to take immediate action and to telegraph ahead for municipal or state help in arresting the crooked gamblers.

The vigorous attack routed the crooks—or rather re-routed them to other lines.

In seizing upon the fast trains as a scene of operations, the crooks hit upon a rich field. Travel had increased greatly, and in addition to that the railway detective service of the majority of the lines was disrupted, disorganized, and in some cases destroyed by war conditions.

Before the war practically every road maintained a large and efficient detective department. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, with its cars painted yellow, for years was noted for its strict police protective system, employing several hundred men in the department. Whenever one met a card sharper in Chicago and inquired where he was going he would reply:

"Not on the yaller cars, bo; not on the yaller cars."

They kept off the St. Paul entirely and concentrated upon other roads until they in turn drove them off.

Since the railroads have returned to private ownership, the police departments have not been fully reorganized. The Pullman conductors and porters have no police power, although railway conductors are regularly supplied with those powers and can make arrests.

THE fact is that the traveling public itself is guilty in ninety per cent of the cases. The Pullman conductor or porter who recognizes card sharps and desires to warn the passengers against playing with them meets with indignant rebuffs. The bigger the "mark" he is for gamblers the more the passenger resents the implication that he is a boob—until after he has been well trimmed.

The public is to blame again for the reason that not one in a dozen of the victims of these crooks will prosecute. They would rather lose their money than to let their friends know what suckers they have been. The college boy, robbed of his half year's allowance, fears to let his parents know of his plight.

The railroads and the Pullman Company are striving to clean the roads of the crooks by educating the traveling public. But there are two Western roads that have had tremendous and arbitrary success and which are shunned by the sharpers. Both these roads run from Chicago to Kansas City, a stretch well adapted for a "friendly little game to pass the time."

With the railway police department disorganized the trainmen took matters into their own hands. Their methods are simple but effective. They spot the crook, beat him up a bit, and then toss him off the train. The gambler threatens all sorts of reprisals, law suits, and other action, yet queerly enough not one of them ever has brought a suit. The word has gone around among the brotherhood of gamblers, and they shun those roads.

THE END

"WHO Will Cast *the* First Stone?"

An Interview with Illinois' First Woman Judge, Who Has No Theories, but an Uncanny Eye to Discern the Truth

By GENEVIEVE FORBES

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

"WHAT'S the charge against Mabel?" It was the standard question, but the woman who asked it so crisply looked more like somebody's aunt than the first woman judge in Illinois.

"Charge a-plenty," said the probation officer. "Mabel, here, came out of the movies. A man in an automobile smiled and asked her to go for a ride. And she got into the car. Yes, you did, Mabel; I saw you. So, Judge, I felt it my duty to bring her right over here."

"Did you do that, Mabel?" Judge Mary M. Bartelme, one of the four women on the judicial bench in the country, put the question.

"Yes, ma'am, I did." The girl seemed more proud than penitent.

The voluntary probation officer, the woman with the clear conscience and the glum profile, cut in again: "Riding with a strange man! In all my life I never had a strange man speak to me."

Mabel teetered for a minute on her rundown heels. Then she shot out:

"Sure, lady, I believe you. But look at your face!"

"Look at your face." It's the keynote philosophy of Judge Bartelme.

"Let us look at our own faces before we run a blue pencil completely through the life of a so-called delinquent girl," she urges.

There are girls who want to be grown up; girls who refuse to grow up. There was the case of Elsie, the girl who didn't want to be loved.

Elsie's story was sordid. It took in a family circle in a city tenement. A stolid, indifferent father, a cruel and casually wicked stepmother; Elsie, physically mature for her fourteen years; and the "star boarder."

The "star boarder," with his liberties bought with room rent, is the starting point down for many a girl, Judge Bartelme says.

The story is told. The child can't remain in her old surroundings, that is evident.

"Elsie," the judge asks, "wouldn't you like to go to a family who will love you?"

"Don't want to be loved," sullenly.

"To a place where you'll find friends?"

"Don't want friends. I want to be alone," with a cry of rebellious agony. Then, for all her zeal to be alone, the girl begins to cry.

The woman behind the bench fumbles in a drawer, chooses a bit of fresh white linen, and slips a handkerchief into Elsie's hand. Judge Bartelme's "weep squares," they call them around the courts. And they've solved almost as many cases as a volume of Blackstone.

Sometimes the cases continue long after the handkerchiefs are worn out. Take the case of Susie. "Susie's incorrigible," her teacher said. "Susie's boy crazy," her mother shouted. "Susie's too damned lazy," her father charged.

So Susie, under the judge's direction, was sent to a home in the country. Months later this letter came back:

> DEAR JUDGE: I'm crazy to get into busyness, like you said I should. But, say, I don't like housework, and I hate sewing. I got a chanct to get a pair of Belgian hairs cheap. I'd sure like them. Won't you please loan me a dollar to help buy them? I will give you, dear Judge, the money back from the first returns.
>
> SUSIE.

Sometimes the "first returns" are wedding invitations.

Anna, the judge recalls, was one of the most refined girls ever brought into court. She had been "picked up" for spooning in the park with Bill, her "gentleman friend."

"Why don't you invite Bill up to your home?" asked Judge Bartelme. "He ought to be glad to come to see you."

"Well, judge, you see," her voice was very low, "Bill's so grand and knows such swell girls. And my old man, he's fine, but he's pie-eyed drunk half the time. O, I couldn't let Bill see him that way. So I lied, and met him in the park. Don't you see?"

Judge Bartelme did see. She made Bill see, and she made the "old man" see. So she received an invitation to the wedding.

For all her "success" with girls, Illinois' only woman judge is no sentimentalist, shouting out platitudes about her treatment of "problems." She never uses the word "problem."

Susie

Her cases are called Rosie or Mamie, Helen or Mary, Jeannette or Nancy.

Neither does she talk of the "bad girl." Foolish they are or lazy, or disobedient. Maybe dishonest or selfish. The woman judge doesn't hesitate to pierce through the veneer that many a man judge, the men are free to admit, would be unable to scratch.

She is too busy doing her job to have very much time evolving theories on how to do that job. But there is one "theory" which she would like every mother and father in the country to understand. That is, "It's the 'modern parent' far more than the 'modern girl' that needs the discipline."

And she'll tell with a mixture of seriousness and humor of Pearl Brown and her mother.

Mother Brown, a colored woman, stood before the bench in the Juvenile Court and pointed a dark finger at Pearl, who was "all da time chasin' 'round wid da boys."

Pearl listened to the accusations. Then she made a few of her own and pointed her finger right back at Mother Brown.

"Is that true?" The judge turned her questions to the woman.

Without a bit of hesitation Mrs. Brown admitted her easy ways. Then, with the dignity of authority, she added:

"But, Lordy me, I allus tell Pearl, 'Don't do as I do; do as I says.'"

It's a parental axiom that too many are setting up, Judge Bartelme believes.

THE END

SMALL TALK

By ARI

Third of a Series of Articles by the Famous Novelist and Essayist on the Fine Art of Winning and Keeping Friends and on the Charm and Romance of Effective Etiquette.

IT is related that Tennyson and Carlyle once by arrangement spent an evening together, in the house of Carlyle. If, indeed, Tennyson did put himself to the exertion of calling upon Carlyle, the mere visit was a tremendous tribute to the prestige of Carlyle; for Tennyson also had prestige, and immense prestige; and he was not in the habit of paying calls; he expected people, even the greatest, to come to him—and not to come too often, either.

When the two mandarins had duly seated themselves in the more or less uncomfortable chairs of Carlyle's study, each produced a pipe, and they began to puff away.

They did not converse. They said nothing whatever. They continued to puff away, pipe after pipe, until Tennyson, no doubt feeling exhausted, arose to depart. Whereupon Carlyle, rising in his turn, broke the extensive silence with this singular remark:

"Eh, mon, but we've had a grand night of it!"

Such is the story as I have heard it, if not read it. And I may say that I received it, and I repeat it, with reserve. In fact I do not believe it. Tennyson was unquestionably rather a boor; and so was Carlyle. They were both capable of quite inordinate rudeness, less excusable in Tennyson's case than in Carlyle's; but neither of them could have been such a boor as both must have been were the story true.

I repeat it because it illustrates the Briton's attitude towards conversation. The average excellent Briton who hears the story hears it with joy and approval. He thinks there *is* something "grand" in it; something peculiarly British.

He thinks that the two geniuses in some mysterious way had a finer and more fruitful time in silent egotistical reflection than they would have had if they had exchanged their wonderful ideas by the common medium of spoken words. He sees in it a reassuring justification of his own taciturnity and of his own half-envious disdain or half-disdainful envy of bright and continuous talking.

Personally, though intensely an Englishman, I see chiefly in the affair the spectacle of two middle-aged men painfully and deplorably demonstrating that with all their knowledge and power they did not know how to live. I see in it further a wasted evening.

And I am convinced that afterwards, in the wakefulness of bed, each of the mighty and absurd protagonists wished that he had behaved differently. But I repeat I disbelieve the story.

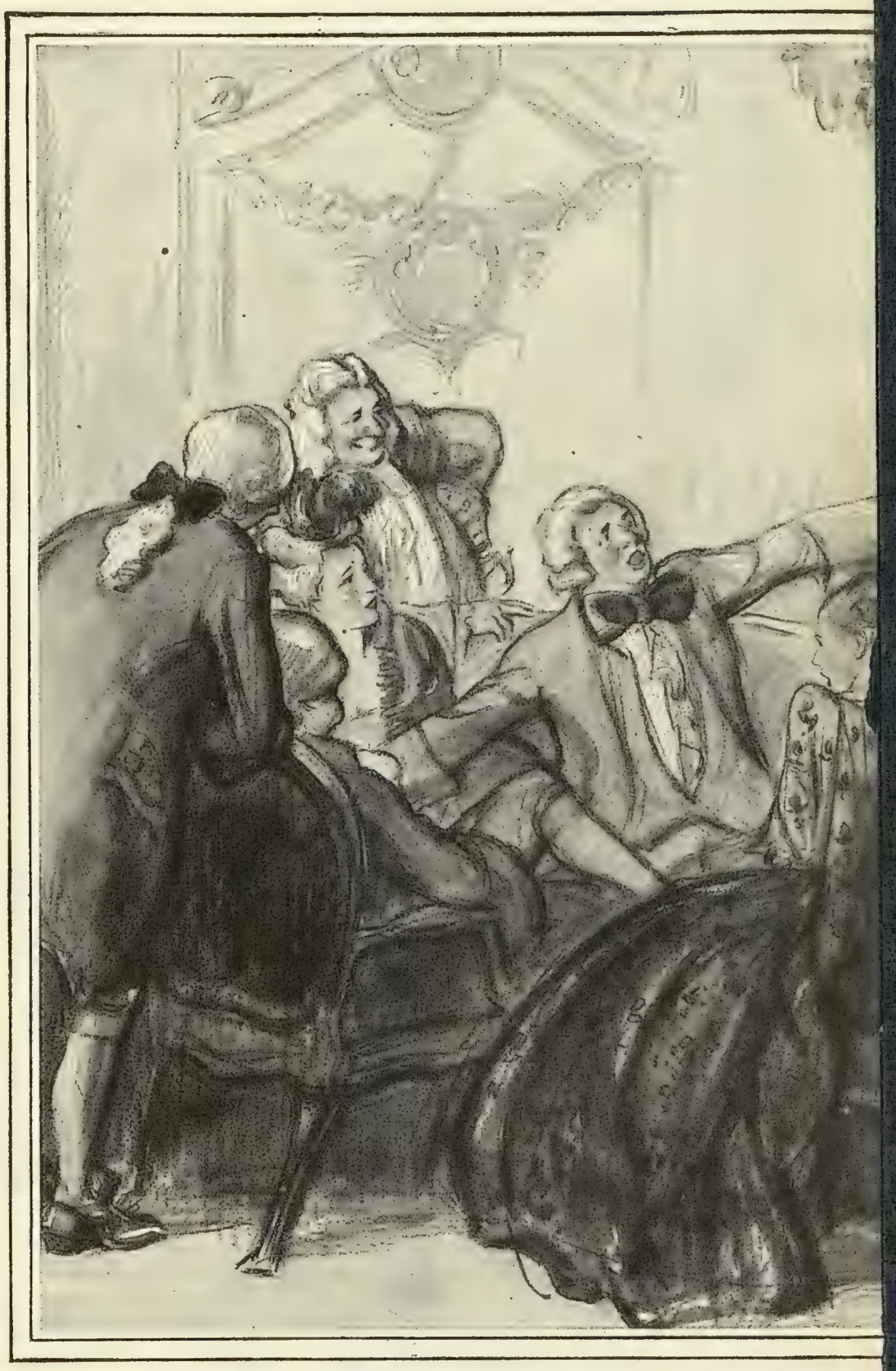
THE truth is, the art of conversation is not understood in Britain. It is better understood in the United States, though not so well there as in the Latin countries. I am not referring to the transmission by the spoken word of ideas—orders, complaints, points of view, arguments, abuse—of which circumstances more or less urgently *demand* the expression. When something has just got to be said, the Anglo-Saxon will say it with as much force and tact and at least as much conciseness as any Latin.

The one criticism which Latins offer of the Briton's speech - with - a-purpose is that he is apt to say a thing once only, whereas the Latin will say the same thing over and over again in various ways, until it has been said ten times—and in practice there is much to be advanced in favor of Latin repetition. . . . No, I am referring to talk for the sake of talk itself, talk for the sake of the avoidance of taciturnity.

SOME will assert that Britons are not taciturn. Of course all qualities are relative, and it cannot be denied that a Briton chatters more than a fish. But that Britons are relatively taciturn is proved by their contemptuous remarks, when they first visit a foreign country, about the incessant "gabble" of foreigners. Foreigners have no suspicion that they "gabble," and would certainly repel the charge with sincerity.

The other day I was lunching in a large and expensive London hotel; and I counted five family tables where silence not merely reigned but tyrannically ruled. There they were, fathers and mothers, nice adolescent sons and daughters, impressed infants, doubtless united by affection and full of fundamental good-will, and educated; and they ate and ate, and stared around awkwardly, and ate and ate, and avoided one another's eyes, and ate and ate and said never a word. Not one word, except perhaps "Pass the salt, please." The families were apparently quite representative.

In my mind I described the scene as barbaric. You simply could not witness such a scene among Frenchmen, and assuredly not among Italians. A French family or an Italian family, of no matter what class, and even if it came from the most distant and "lost" district of the provinces, would entertain itself with a continuous flow of unimportant but interesting conversation and would unquestionably enjoy its meal much more than those British families did. Indeed the British families were visibly relieved when the end of the meal arrived, whereas a French or a Latin family leaves its table with re



The French nobility of the Eighteenth Century, whic

And if British families will thus behav exciting conditions favorable to the birth chatter and demanding that they should ma good show of worldliness in the world, how they behave in normal conditions when the nothing to stir their sloth?

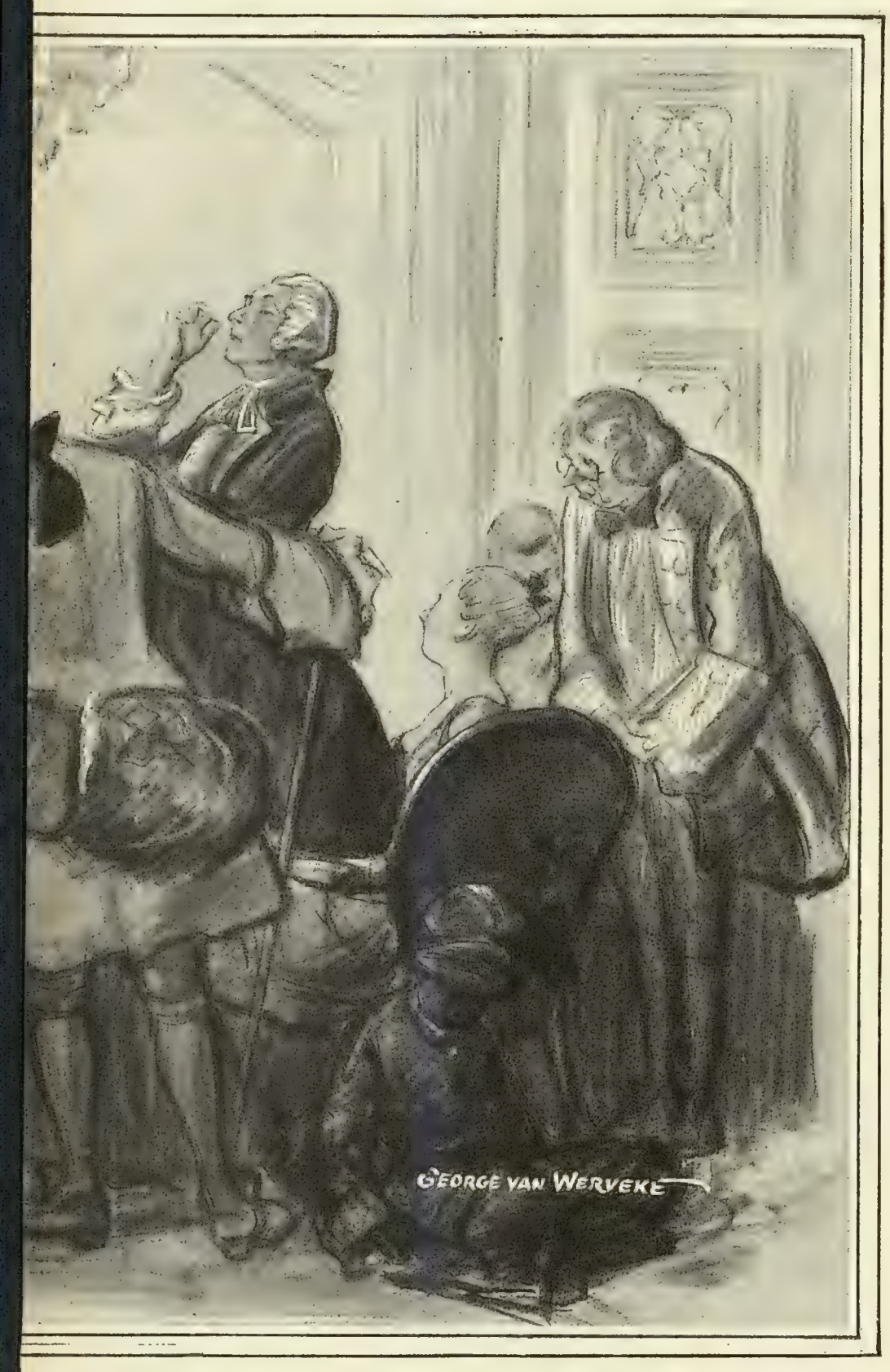
No need to answer this terrible question! need to insist! Anglo-Saxondom may be gr it may be the wonder of the earth; it may b crown and summit of the universal purpose most marvelous example of the will to get that history can show, but in some of the s arts it is gravely behind the times. It is i Stone Age. And we well know this in our i pressive souls, bluster as we may about the fut of "mere talk."

THE taciturn, doubtless in pursuance of military theory that attack is the best fense, will defend themselves by asserting there is at any rate one phenomenon whi worse than the man who doesn't talk eno and that is the man who talks too much.

I agree that on British nerves the effect constitutionally loquacious person is in a degree exasperating; such persons indeed

LD BENNETT

y GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



art of social intercourse to the height of perfection.

danger of assassination, or at least of seri-
odily hurt, in a country like Great Britain.
d it is certain that many people, especially
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ot know how to be dumb.
r is this wholly surprising among a race
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hat it has turned the adjective "talkative"
a term of reproach, and condemns all facility
eech with the frightful word "gab"! Yet
I known occasions when the entry of a
ious "gabbler" into a desperately tongue-
company has been secretly welcomed by the
mest Briton of them all. Which seems to
that the man who talks too much has his
and is not necessarily the lowest of God's
ures.
d even if he were, the danger of excessive
ility is no justification for excessive taci-
ty; and for nine thousand nine hundred
ninety-nine Anglo-Saxons out of ten thou-
there need not be the slightest fear that
gh indulgence in conversation they will
ne exacerbating chatterboxes; for they posi-
will not.
en the taciturn further defend themselves
rging that small talk serves no useful pur-

Do You Sit at Your Table Bereft of Words, or Have You Learned the Secret of Amiable Conversation? Pleasant Speech Is a Key to the Riddle of People's Individuality. And the Art Is Being Lost

pose, neither increasing knowledge nor disciplining the mind.

It probably does not, to any calculable extent, increase one's store of exact knowledge. It cannot, for instance, take the place of a scientific lecture by an expert who gives you in an hour the fruit of years of research. It is more likely to fill you with facts which are not facts and which later you will have to get rid of. And when it does present genuine facts to you the chances are you were already in possession of the said facts.

AND I admit that small talk does not amount to much as a discipline for the mind in hard, consecutive thinking.

It would not be small talk if it did increase exact knowledge or act on the mind as dumb-bell exercises act on the body. Similar charges might be brought against all games and pastimes, but nobody dreams of discouraging games and pastimes on that account. Moreover, small talk emphatically does serve a useful purpose, several purposes, some of the most useful of all purposes. It teaches one about human nature. It helps the judgment of character. Everybody who talks, and especially everybody who talks "small," is displaying himself for consideration the whole time. If these purposes are not useful, then no purpose is useful.

Laudable it is to sit in a room by one's self and arrive by study at good taste in poetry or at an accurate understanding of great historical events. But the mischief is that so many persons who have put themselves to the trouble of acquiring this taste and this understanding forget or fail to apply what they have acquired to the improvement of their daily existence.

The supreme study—the study to which all other studies are secondary—is the study of man. And if you study the man of five hundred or a thousand years ago you do so only in order the better to comprehend (and pardon) the peculiarities and vagaries of the lady or gentleman with whom circumstances bring you into contact today. It is a roundabout way, though sound enough. Small talk is a direct—or at any rate a less indirect—way to the same end.

You may say you don't care a fig about your fellow man. Naturally you aren't speaking the truth, but if you are, then beware of yourself. Beware of anyone who is not "interested in people." There is something wrong with him. And if, genuinely, you are not interested in people, but have sufficient force of intelligence to perceive that for your own sake you ought to be, then embark at once on a course of miscellaneous small talk, and you will speedily observe the birth and growth of the desired interest.

There are two classes of individuals with whom it is particularly useful to chat for the sake of chatting: perfect strangers—and near relatives. You never know what jewel you may pick up from a perfect stranger. As for near relatives, they, too, often misunderstand one another simply because they only talk when they have something definite to say, and for the same reason they too often most deplorably lack personal human interest in one another.

In my present intention, however, all the foregoing defense of small talk is a mere minor issue. The major issue is that small talk is an end in itself. Playing tennis is good for the muscles and the general health, but tennis players do not play tennis for the sake of muscles and health; they play tennis because to play gives them pleasure.

The same with small talk. It accomplishes various good, but its real justification is that, when it is well done, or even only moderately well done, it affords one of the highest forms of social pleasure. It distracts. It unbends the mind. It stimulates, like travel and other adventures. It fills the necessary gaps of life. It agreeably passes time which has to be passed and which cannot, owing to the limitations of the average human organism, be passed in an energetic or productive fashion.

The French nobility of the Eighteenth Century, which, in the intervals of robbing the poor, had a lot of time to get through, and which carried the art of social intercourse to a height of perfection not since surpassed, found in the "salon" (a room and a company organized for small talk) their greatest delight and satisfaction. And many of them formed the habit of staying in bed till three in the afternoon so that they might indulge in small talk till three in the morning. It was all very wicked and wrong-headed of them, but at least they did bring one art to perfection.

You may reply that it would be hopeless for you to attempt to rival such perfection in small-talk. It probably would. So it might be hopeless for you to attempt to rival Paderewski, Kreisler, or Melba in the making of music. But that apparently does not prevent you from learning music to the best of your ability, nor from gaining very much pleasure therefrom and giving some pleasure thereby.

"WE ARE A COMIC RACE"

So confesses Mr. Bennett, thorough Englishman, in a further article on small talk. It will appear in an early issue and is called "Locked Safes." Learn some stories to tell, he advises, and "remember, you are not on oath!"

Ira Schwarz Photo
LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Do We All Have STAGE FRIGHT?

THE overture had dashingly ceased. Chrystal Herne and I stood in the center of the stage—waiting, waiting for the dreaded rise of the curtain on the premiere of Expressing Willie.

Chrystal must have read my mind.

"They're in your subconscious self, Louise," she ejaculated—stabbed out the words in her intensity. "You'll speak your lines. They can't get away. They're committed."

"Good Lord! I must look terrified!" was my inward thought—and then—"She must be terrified, too, or she wouldn't have said that. What if we both——"

The lights were evidently dimming, for the sound of the voices out in front were as though a blanket had been thrown over those gay, gabbling ones. Both of us planted our feet a little farther apart, the better to preserve, at least, our physical balance—to take on an appearance of steadiness. But what would our voices betray? The curtain rose——

"It's marvelous," spoke Chrystal, which was the first line of the play. Her voice was resonant and commanding. It was sure. Her splendid training came to succor her—her magnificent inheritance. Marvelous, indeed!

I replied to her speech. One season a mental scientist to whom I had fled for courage prior to a first night had said if I would open my mouth wide when in a panic that the words would "rush out of themselves." They did. They rushed out. They roared out like wild beasts from the jungle, uncontrolled. It gave such an appearance of sureness that Heywood Broun, the critic, who himself is trying to understand the psychology of stage fright, said the next morning that I was overconfident. I did appear so. I was overplaying in my effort to keep up a bold front. Poor dogs that we are! Poor dogs, scourged by a fear for whose existence no one can see just cause.

We dodge this scourging. We try to placate fear. We seek means to avoid it, yet though we may be unsuccessful and may have to suffer it out, no actor has ever been worsted by it to the point of bolting. Somehow he gets through. To my knowledge no curtain has ever been rung down because the players were too panic-stricken to go on. And O! *never* has an actor abandoned the stage for some other profession because of this horror.

"Is it worth it?" we gasp to each other on an opening night.

"No, it is *not*," we reply—but stick on.

WE fly to mental scientists, to hypnotists, to psycho-analysts for "courage," and often they are helpful if only as a positive suggestion opposing our timorous negative condition.

Once, out in Chicago, a reporter came to interview me. The play had opened out there, but I was worn down by a drastic stage manager who "hollered" at us, which was his idea of direction, so I greeted the reporter with a burst of tears. She was a woman (Mary Brush) and she had a lot of horse sense. She wrote the name of a physician who had turned mental scientist, tucked the card in my hand, and decently left me.

I went to that man, and though I told no one, the actress dressing with me said in a day or two:

"I don't know what has happened to you, Louise, but you're like a plant that was wilting and has been watered!" Yet all I can remember that man saying to me was, "Now, you can do it, and you will do it." I always go to him out there. Why, it cost me thirty-five dollars for sufficient "courage" to open with the Dolly Sisters! But they can't always help me, and I am sure that when I can't grasp their suggestions the physical side of me is so low that the mental side can't dominate the situation.

Again I was helped by a scientist, who said: "I will be there tonight. Don't worry."

When I saw him in the audience I was reassured and my fear evaporated.

Yet who does not suffer in the course of his or her social life from the same form of panic which assails the actor?

"We girls" all have known the anxious moments during a church fair when it would seem that owing to a lack of belief in ourselves or our wares our booth wasn't doing well, whereas the booth alongside, through a sort of dominating sureness on the part of the saleswomen, was engaged in a thriving trade.

We all remember our first luncheon party,

EMILY STEVENS

OTIS SKINNER Lewis Smith Photo

The Suffering Self-Conscious May Take Heart. Even Famous Actors Lose Their Nerve. But There Are Various Interesting Ways of Conquering This Insidious Form of Fear

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

Illustrated by Photographs

when we awoke in the morning with a heart of lead from the fear that we were not going to give our guests a good time. It does not die with youth—this anxiety. I have seen a hostess with white lips at the head of her table trying to appear at ease so that those about her might catch her spirit. And they did catch her spirit—which was a labored gayety, the dinner resulting in a "flop."

Many of us have known the dread of introducing a speaker at a club, or some private entertainment, and how we have gone over that little prepared speech inwardly a thousand times even as we are scattering false smiles and icy handclasps with our friends to whom, individually, we could make addresses, prepared or extemporized, without a qualm of nervousness.

It is a strange ordeal—this finding the strength sapped from you by a body of people, whether at a fair, a group you are entertaining, an audience at your club or lecture room, or the theater. And one of the ways to fend against it is to keep a reserve tank of power on tap, which comes from a conservation of physical forces.

A WOMAN journalist introduced me as a speaker a while ago. She started bravely, with that pounce upon a speech which betokens committed phrases, then someone coming in late knocked over a chair and she hesitated, her poor tongue found only meaningless words to shape, until finally I put up my hand, drew her down, and rose to take her place.

"I'm just awfully tired out," was all she could mutter. "I suppose you think I'm crazy."

But I could have kissed her, for she was completely demonstrating one of the causes for fear. She was so tired out that she hadn't the extra strength necessary for complete concentration on her subject when the chair was overturned.

Stage fright is often the result of physical fatigue. Actors are so worn down after the weeks of anxious rehearsal before an opening that they find themselves with very little vitality left for the tremendous task of wafting a play into success with that grand air of buoyancy which is always so stimulating to an audience; that quality which permits the auditors to settle back in their chairs without the feeling that they must help with their spines.

Because we are actors we manage to simulate that buoyancy; it is our job. But the next day we find our muscles are sore, for we have been battered by a grim, indestructible enemy who uses a heavy mitt. It is the strain of taut nerves and drawn muscles occasioning this soreness, the body as anxious as the mind.

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Photo Copyright John D. Williams

When I was playing with Henry Miller he once asked me why I gave a better performance at a matinée than I did on the night of the matinée, and I think I claimed that I liked playing before women. I do, but that was my excuse, not my reason. I know now that I had expended a large part of my vitality on my afternoon's performance, and since I was not then giving myself sufficient rest between the two appearances my nervous system had to take up the job that my physical forces refused to bear.

I no longer take tea with my friends "between the shows." A luncheon before a matinée, or a dinner with friends before the night's work I primly refuse. No doubt this is thought a pose by my sturdiest acquaintances, but I recommend the posture to all those who have public appearances ahead of them.

EVEN the most stalwart players, in appearance, find this to be so. Our beautiful and vampirish Merle Maddern, who has the same comforting sureness on the stage that her cousin, Mrs. Fiske, possesses, shakes nightly—with me—on the days we have tired ourselves with people.

"It doesn't make any difference how attractive a man may be with whom I am dining,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Merle confided, "I don't hear a word he is saying when it comes time for me to start for the theater. I often wonder what a dinner guest thinks if he accompanies me as far as the theater entrance. I go tottering up this court like some bent old woman—tired because I'm scared, or is it scared because I'm tired?"

Another kinswoman of Mrs. Fiske gets an uncomfortable demonstration of fright even earlier.

"I'm on buttermilk already—can't digest anything else," once announced Emily Stevens, the siren of Fata Morgana, during the second week of our rehearsing a new play. "It's begun—nerves all twanging away like a harp out of tune."

Not all players agree with me. Helen Lowell, with whom I linked arm recently as she was coming out from her talking-marathon as the mother in The Showoff, disclaims that the stage fright which besets her off and on through the season is from low vitality. This annoyed me, for Helen has never been strong, and I challenged her to give me a better reason for these swooping black wings of fear which come to us, not only on the first night, but at unexpected times during the run of a play.

"It's when an occurrence throws me out of line," Helen said. "I went on at the matinée today never feeling better, yet I got scared. You know most of our laughs are 'set' by this time, but all of a sudden I got one where I didn't expect it. I wasn't particularly elated over it, but I must have been wondering why I got it, so I wasn't concentrating on what was to follow and I celebrated by going 'up in the air.' I 'got back,' of course, but I was frightened. Yes, it's when I'm not concentrating on what I'm doing that I am most apt to lose my lines, and then—stage fright. I don't let the audience know, of course."

BLESS her! Of course, she doesn't. She's an actress, but the press woman was bowled over by a chair. Steel yourself against the unusual, *mesdames*. We of the theater are never bowled over by anything as extraneous as a chair. We are steadied against the flapping down of whole rows of orchestra seats, and against the little searchlights of the ushers, and the whispering of the theater party, and the man who has brought his cough to the theater for its complete exploitation.

Yet we are "thrown out of line" by happenings that disturb the rhythm of a performance—like a laugh suddenly bumping into being, or a fellow actor crossing the stage earlier than he should or later than he should.

And so—it must be lack of rhythm that also induces fear—induces confusion which leads to fear. Winifred Lenihan, the Saint Joan of the Theater Guild's performance, was dining with me recently and we were talking about this stage fright trait. She has not the fear that she doesn't know her lines which so nags at Chrystal Herne and Merle Maddern, Helen Lowell, and myself.

"That isn't what I'm afraid of on a first night," she said. "I'm afraid of scenes that I feel haven't been sufficiently directed or sufficiently comprehended by us—that are not going to run on greased wheels. The whole game is balance, proper proportion. It's what composition is in a picture or the scheme to a book. I suffer terribly till I am sure just what I am going to do and whether it swings in with the rest of the performance."

Winifred has a funny little way of shaking her short Saint Joan locks as she tries to work things out. Her processes are mental and her results to an audience emotional.

"I suffer variously with my various stars whom I have supported," she said. "I was never greatly frightened when playing *Peer Gynt's* mother last year, with Joseph Schildkraut for my *Peer*. I was sure that he, in his complete and delightful audacity, would pull me through, and that thought was most relieving. On the other hand, he had a scampish way of reversing his positions on the stage in playing the first scene with me.

"Now, after a long run, to turn and speak lines to a man who is standing at your right when he has heretofore been at your left is disquieting. It is akin to the effort the brain suffers when you try to rub your head and pat your stomach. The lines cease to correlate with the action. The stage manager asked me one night, after such a reversal of positions, if this worried me, and I remember replying:

"'See here! I've played with nineteen stars, and I liked all of them. I enjoy doing scenes with them because they are good actors—that's what makes them stars—but I long ago learned to play independently of the actors around me. Then, when the unusual happens, I am not greatly purturbed. That's about the only form of stage fear that I have managed to lick.'"

I RECOMMEND this also to women who are as upset as the overturned chair during the process of addressing an audience. There is strength and dominance in detachment. Indeed, the only actor of sorts I have ever met who denies attacks of stage fright is Walter Hampden. I am not familiar with Mr. Hampden's religious beliefs, yet I imagine from his gentle aloofness, his sustained serenity, he is not a stranger to the teachings of the East. Going into the Otis Skinners' for the early theatrical dinner last week, I found Mr. Hampden there, lingering over a late tea.

"But why don't you get frightened?" I asked.

"I don't care. It isn't the thing that matters," he answered. "When it has happened that I have forgotten my lines I have walked off the stage and read the prompt book."

"But weren't you scared?"

"No," he answered serenely.

I sat up on the big velvet couch and stared at him. Perhaps he has found the key. Although the Greek philosophers have often been my refuge, Mr. Hampden may have discovered the relative unimportance of a few chanted words each night through more ancient and more spiritual discoveries of a more remote civilization.

MAY I also suggest prehistoric reflections? Last week I was momentarily soothed when panic beset me by muttering to myself a single phrase which William Beebe carelessly threw across a page in his new and astounding book on Galapagos.

"It was about thirty-seven million years ago," scattered Mr. Beebe.

"Thirty-seven million years ago," I communed with myself while stammering out lines. "What the devil difference does it make in the universe whether you know your lines or not?"

However, that idea wears off, and I think I know why—and if I do know "why," I know "Why Stage Fright?" Also why I must, in a measure, accept it. But more of this——

Our host, Mr. Skinner, although the son of a minister, admitted to human frailties in the way of stage fright, and particularly that nervousness which comes from long runs. His new book of the theater was in my hands, and he referred to the page which confesses to such complete panic on one occasion that neither he nor Percy Haswell, doing the scene with him, could say anything at all.

The speeches had lost their meaning, after months of repetition, and they could substitute no material other than the author's words. They sat on a bench and stared at each other, before a mystified audience, while the stage manager tore upstairs, unlocked his trunk, drew out the manuscript—for weeks laid aside—and from the wings started them on the long, long trail.

Otis says his muscles were sore for days after that shock, and the only way he could regain his poise was to restudy his part.

"William Farnum got that

way," I said from the depths of the velvet couch. "Although he always *did* speak his lines, the sweat used to pour down his spine from the fear that he wouldn't know them after he had played Ben Hur for a year or so. Jane Oaker, still in the Lightnin' company, tells me they all went through it at one period, and they did what Farnum finally came to. They began to make light of it—as though it didn't matter. There's just one thing I'm sure of: fear can't stand ridicule."

Mr. Hampden looked as though he had known it for some time.

"Only," I ended, "it's not so very funny—sweating, and sick stomach, and everything—after all."

WALTER HAMPDEN has the courage to disclaim stage fright, but Clare Eames has the courage to admit it, coupled with the assertion that some day it will be conquered. "It's because no teacher understands it—no scientist—scientist of any kind, I mean—has a grasp on it," she declared one day in her dressing room. "But we must beat it. Don't tell me that we play better for it! How can anyone do his work well when half his faculties are paralyzed? It's pathological and, if it's a disease, why can't it be cured?"

I pulled my chair up to hers excitedly. I am always glad to find some one who will agree with me on the reduced vitality basis. Like me, too, Miss Eames enjoys rehearsing a rôle, for that is creation.

"In view of the tax an audience will make upon me later on I always try to imagine from the first rehearsal that I am playing before one," she sweetly confessed. "And when the first night comes the thing that sets my heart going and tightens my nerves is that hum from the audience coming in beyond the curtain. I try to imagine that hum during rehearsals, too, but I just can't."

"What! do you still get frightened?" exclaim our friends, the laymen.

Yes, my dears, we particularly do. And Edwin Booth, along with many others, suffered a sick stomach and all its demonstrations till his last performance.

"I don't blame the critics," continued Clare, "when they say I am hard and cold on a première. I am. I am petrified."

I watched her as she continued making up. My mind went back to a late supper party at the studio of Robert Reid, the painter, given to Emma Eames, Clare's distinguished aunt, after she had sung a great rôle at the Metropolitan. One could not ask the guest of honor to give you a thousand dollars' worth of song on such an occasion, but after most of the party had departed someone seated himself at Reid's piano and trailed his hands along the keys, playing bits from the opera she had sung that night.

"No, it goes this way," said Madame Eames as she began to sing.

We seated ourselves on the floor in a circle about the two, and she sang on from the joy of her great medium. All her operas were reviewed, and the big studio was filled with a great beauty. Time was as nothing to any of us on that delirious night save her companion, who sat stiffly on a chair near me.

"O, dear!" she would whisper now and then. "I wish Emma would come home. We have to move tomorrow."

A week afterward I was in her dressing room at the Metropolitan watching her apply her rouge and pencils, for she felt that I did not look as well from the front in a "straight" makeup as I should, and she wanted to show me some of her secrets. I spoke of the glory she had shed upon us in the richness of her gift as we had sat in the circle about her.

"I loved it, too," she said. "I was at ease. I was expressing myself unhampered by the rigors of fear and anxiety. The papers said the next day that at the opera I had been too austere. That is always the way with me. I had just been frightened. It makes me tighten up."

And here was her talented niece, of the same long line of throat, the same delicate nostrils, the same exquisite sensibilities, suffering the same way.

Margalo Gillmore came into the room just then, wrapped in a rose crêpe kimono, and we were soon screaming over her frank admissions.

"I have always had stage fright," she said, "but it hits me in different ways as time goes on. One of the first demonstrations was shaking knees, and my great prayer was that I should always keep them discreetly covered. Then I signed for He Who Gets Slapped and found I had to wear short ballet skirts. After disgracing me, fear then climbed up into my hands, and now when I have to carry on a bunch of paper flowers intended to deceive the public as real, they rattle like castanets. I shall have to overcome that. I have managed to control my features. One first night my face was so set with fear that when I smiled it sort of froze, and I thought I would have to go through the coming emotional scenes with a smile frozen on to me."

"It used to be my tongue," said Clare Eames. "It seemed to get too big for my mouth. I couldn't articulate."

"I am worse off than you girls," I contributed. "When my lips get stiff there are whole syllables I have to let slide. I heard an angry whispered discussion out in front on one of those nervous days and I learned afterwards that it was a friend of mine admonishing a neighbor, a stranger to her, who was claiming that I must be drunk."

There was a moment's silence in that gay little dressing room. We of the theater know how instantly an audience will translate as intoxication any slur of syllables, or nervous tripping over a rug, or ill calculation in passing through a door. It's the debt we must pay for being "Servants of the Public"—always under suspicion.

WHILE extracting (with the greatest ease) twenty-five dollars from Grace George for a sick scrubwoman in the theater, I harked back to this perplexing theme of stage fright. She has her problem, although it is never fear of lines. Since she is a great comedienne, she knows, with the rest of us, that the way to "put over" comedy is to "play loose," yet she is of the belief that she killed two of her own plays on opening nights in New York by taking on a pugnacity which the public out in front transcribed as a kind of hostility toward them.

"I suppose I was really fighting fear," she said. "It makes me mad, and that's the unfortunate way I take to lick it."

Personally I would rather lick it that way than be licked by it. Yet I have gone on the stage in such complete dejection, such abject prostration, that I have unconsciously "played loose," and my comedy has been the better received for this relaxation.

I remember seeing Dorothy Donnelly on the afternoon of the day she was to open in Madame X. She was slumped down on her bed, her head rolling about in sick misery.

"I'm beaten," she moaned, "and I've reached the point where I don't care. I can't do anything more than fail."

And in such humility she went "loosely" on to the stage that night, and, as we all know, gloriously succeeded. She has given up acting for the less taxing business of writing books to operas. That is, she thought it would be less taxing. But on the night before Poppy opened, the libretto of which is hers, she was again slumped down—on my sofa, as it happened. Her arms hung limply over her knees, her hands dripped anguish.

"Well, why do you take on these responsibilities, Dolly?" I asked her. "Blossom Time brings you in a lot of money."

Dorothy lifted her tired countenance.

"O, it's so jolly," she replied.

ONE can write of the theaters and of its horrors, but it has its indefinable allure. If this were a fallacy one hundred thousand men and women in New York City would not every night solemnly accept its painted castles, thrill over its calcium moons, and listen breathlessly to the solution of problems, gay or grave, of a body of players whose exposition of the theme in hand is as passing as breath upon a mirror.

I found Roland Young, that finely attuned instrument of the theater, exceedingly hard to deal with. Years ago—before the war, at least—I watched him do beautiful, embarrassed things with his feet as he played in Good Gracious, Annabelle. And, as I ever sniff about for stage companions in misery, it passed ghoulishly through my mind that he must suffer a great deal through his evident sensibilities. Yet in my own dressing room Mr. Young had the nerve to tell me he was troubled with panic on a first night only because he felt there was no such thing as a real impersonation given until a company had been playing four weeks with an audience.

All of this agglomeration of evidence which brings out that stage fear, in various forms, is so universal that a psychologist recently put it down as class consciousness.

"For," this psychologist argued, "when it is the chosen work of all of you, which is probably the work for which you are best fitted, why should you fear it—unless it has become a habit?"

If this is so, I should like to search out with a gun the actor who invented stage fright. I wonder where would we find him? I have an idea about it. I think we would find him thirty-seven million years back, an atom without life, trying humbly, anxiously to turn himself into something that ten million years from then might show a slight improvement in its atomic, static state.

Dudley Digges has put it more simply. I had induced him to confess to stage fright at times, and he was wonderfully upholding it. He was before his mirror putting on a pink and white makeup for the part of *Tesman* in Hedda Gabler. It was making him look a little man instead of the big one which he is. It takes an actor—a real one—to do this.

"After all," he said, "it's just trying to do our best. It's just trying to do our job. We are not machines. We are a nervous people or we wouldn't be on the stage. It isn't vanity that gives us stage fear. We are just straining to do our best."

I gazed at him as a product of the atom after thirty-seven million years of striving and went away humbly. What if that atom had lain down on his job and just stopped trying? Imagine on the first gravestone of the universe this inscription:

ATOM IN STRIVING TO TAKE ON LIFE DIES OF STAGE FRIGHT.

THE END

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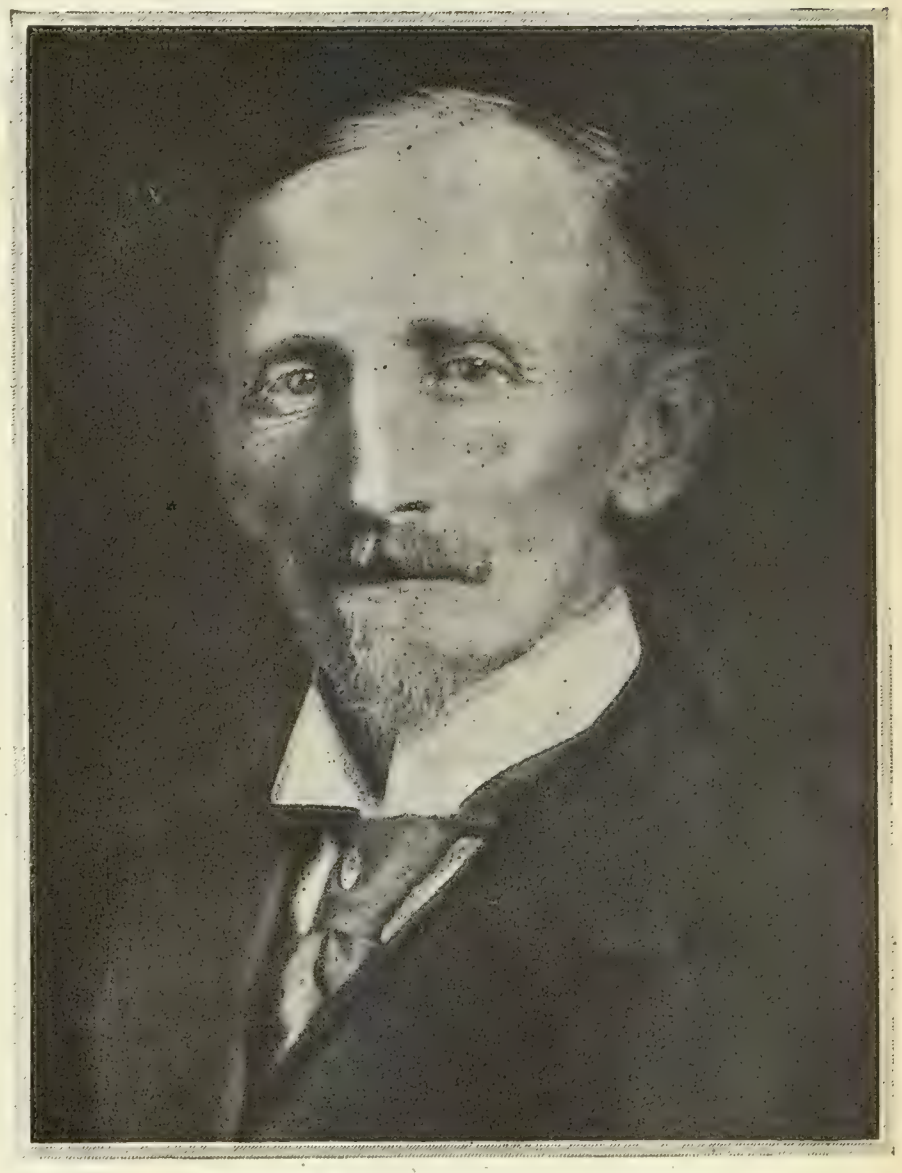
The Ever Increasing Cancer Threat

By FRANK L. HOFFMAN, LL.D.

What Science Knows—and Doesn't Know—About Most Dreaded Disease of Civilization Is Set Forth by America's Foremost Student of the Subject



FRANK L. HOFFMAN, LL.D.

WITHIN the last quarter of a century cancer has steadily forged ahead as one of the most destructive diseases in adult life. In some localities cancer, even now, is the leading cause of death among those who die after the age of thirty-five or forty, for cancer is essentially a disease of adult life, although rare cases occur in youth and even early infancy.

The menace of cancer to all adult people in civilized countries is today the foremost problem that concerns all health promoting activities. Cancer increases approximately at the rate of two and one-half per cent per annum; or, in other words, the death rate from the disease, in proportion to population, tends to double itself in forty years.

On the most conservative basis the *total number of deaths* in the United States now exceeds one hundred thousand annually. There are reasons for believing that the probable number of deaths may be fifteen to twenty thousand more, for in many cases the diagnosis of cancer is difficult without the aid of scientific investigations, which are not available in many sections of the country.

The *frequency of cancer* varies considerably in different localities, and some sections of the country are properly referred to as "cancer centers." Among the cities which report the highest death rates for this country mention may be made of Albany, New York; San Diego, California; San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati; Providence, Rhode Island; Spokane, Washington, and Springfield, Illinois. In all of these localities the cancer death rate exceeds the general average of the country by more than twenty-five per cent.

Why this is so we do not know. As a matter of fact, regardless of a wide range of theories as to cancer causation, the problem resolves itself rather into a number of separate considerations, each of which, for their proper determination, require extended and critical examination.

IT would probably be much better to say frankly that cancer should *not* be looked upon as *a single disease* but rather as the same manifestation of cell growth and proliferation developing in parts of the body due to different causative factors or conditions. Hence it is much more proper to speak of *causes* of cancer than of a single causative factor, although the problem is enormously increased in complexity as a result.

Cancer of the throat is unquestionably favored, if not directly caused, by excessive habits of smoking, but excessive habits of smoking cannot possibly produce cancer in other parts of the body. Wrongful habits of eating, particularly of very hot and irritating foods, are, unquestionably, predisposing causes of cancer of the stomach, while likewise injurious habits of lacing may aid in developing cancer of the female breast. Thus each form of cancer has its own local conditions, which always partake of the nature of an irritating process.

It may be said that unless the body is in a condition favorable to cancerous growth the irritating processes, which are unquestionably directly contributing factors, are without effect on the system. Hence many may smoke, even to excess, without suffering from cancer of the throat. Others may smoke a pipe for the whole of life without contracting cancer of the lip, but when cancer develops in such cases it is the opinion of some of the foremost authorities, but particularly of Sir Arbuthnot Lane, that there is always a condition of "intestinal stasis," which may best be described as wrongful nutrition, resulting in an impairment of the digestive functions. This brings about a condition which has frequently been referred to as autointoxication.

The condition may be compared with a house kept cleanly and free from rubbish or waste, and therefore practically immune to fire risk, and another in which waste materials, refuse, etc., lie about and form a convenient opportunity for a conflagration.

CANCER in its origin is *always a local affection*, and, if taken care of early and by one skillful to do so, the cancerous growth can frequently be removed in its entirety, with practically the positive assurance that there will be no recurrence; but if permitted to grow and to extend to other parts of the body, it reaches a condition where all treatment is futile and hopeless.

Unfortunately cancer in its beginning is *always a painless process*, and cancerous growths, especially in the breast, cause at first no serious inconvenience and are, therefore, permitted to be left alone. But the malignant element never rests, and every hour of delay brings a patient nearer to a condition where the outlook is hopeless. Often the growth is in inaccessible parts of the body and cannot be discovered before it is too late.

An immense amount has been written by way of suggestion as to the discovery or ascertainment of the *earliest symptoms* of cancer. In brief, it may be said that any abnormality in any part of the body after forty years of age is a suggestive indication demanding the most skillful attention, but this particularly applies to those who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Thousands of men over the world are seeking the cause and the cure of cancer, "the disease of civilization."

Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, perhaps the most famous surgeon in the world, when asked to write of these efforts, said:

"Get Hoffman—he knows more about cancer than anyone. Get him to write what he has learned and to tell how cancer may be prevented in many cases, and what it is doing. It is a disease encouraged by overfeeding—and Hoffman knows more about it than I do."

Dr. Mayo referred to Dr. F. L. Hoffman, America's leading authority on cancer. At Doctor Mayo's suggestion, Mr. Hoffman has written the article presented herewith.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

suffer from intestinal stasis or an impairment of the digestive functions and who have become habituated to the taking of pills, laxatives, or purgatives.

It is of interest, in this connection, that cancer is generally considered to be *more common among the well-to-do* and overnourished than among the poor, who are generally undernourished. Cancer is exceedingly rare among native races who live primitive lives under perfectly natural conditions, permitting of the proper discharge of bodily functions. When primitive races adopt the habits of civilized people, like the Negro population of the South, they become as much liable to cancer as persons of the white race.

When primitive races adopt peculiar customs, such as the chewing of the betel nut in Southern India and the use of the Kangri stone in the highlands of Himalaya, they also become liable to cancer, but only to very special forms.

Workers who handle aniline dyes are liable to contract a peculiar form of cancer of the bladder. Workers who manufacture coal briquets develop cancer of the skin as the result of irritants, chiefly by-products of tar. Mule spinners, in England at least, suffer from a peculiar form of cancer as a result of their work.

These types of cancer are never met with in others not likewise exposed, so that the conclusion is justified that in these forms, at least, the causative factor is thoroughly well understood, but even so only a small proportion suffer, while a large proportion, likewise exposed, escape. The only variable condition is or can be that of the body, which in some cases is more predisposed to cancerous development than in others.

IT is regrettable that upon so many matters concerning cancer even the best authorities should still be much at variance with each other. Thus one writer holds that "we may feel fairly secure in continuing our general habits of living and without the fear that we are drifting towards an era of cancer." As a matter of fact, we have long since entered an era of widespread cancer frequency, while the evidence seems entirely conclusive that this lamentable condition is largely the result of our so-called civilized habits of life.

The enormous extent of the evil is best emphasized by the statement that of the present mortality from cancer about thirty-seven per cent are deaths from cancer of the stomach and liver, more or less directly related to dietary habits or divergences from normal conditions. Cancer of the peritoneum, intestines, and rectum form fourteen per cent of the entire mortality, so that approximately one-half of all deaths from cancer affect the organs of digestion. Cancer of the female breast represents not quite ten per cent of the whole, or over five thousand deaths of women out of a total female cancer mortality of about fifty-seven thousand. Cancer of the skin causes about three thousand deaths per annum, and cancer of the mouth, or buccal cavity, about three thousand four hundred, but the latter form of cancer is largely limited to men and chiefly affects those who are given to excessive habits of smoking. For reasons as yet rather obscure cancer of the female generative organs causes a mortality of nearly fifteen thousand deaths per annum, with evidences of a gradual increase.

There are curious differences in the cancer liability of married and unmarried women which as yet have attracted insufficient attention. Cancer of the breast is more common among unmarried women, and the same is true of cancer of the ovaries. Cancer is more frequent among married women, but as yet information is inconclusive as to the affect of child bearing on the liability to cancerous affections. Evidence, however, seems conclusive that there is an increased danger in the so-called habits of birth control.

There are two radically distinct forms of cancer, or, respectively, what is known as carcinoma and sarcoma. The latter is a most malignant form of tumor, the causative factors of which are as yet entirely unknown. Fortunately sarcoma is relatively rare, forming about five per cent of the total mortality from cancerous affections. Sarcoma affects largely the bones of the body and as a rule the outlook is hopeless unless treatment is applied in the very earliest stages of the disease.

Considering the fairly large number of cancers of the mouth, the lips, the cheeks, and the outer surface of the body otherwise, it is amazing to meet with so many deaths which seemingly lie within the reach of early and successful treatment.

It cannot be too strongly urged and emphasized that about the only hope for success in cancer treatment lies in treatment applied during the very earliest stages of the disease.

THE darkest side of the cancer problem is the immense amount of wrongful practice, in the name of cancer cures, by various names, most of which are contrary to the accepted methods of procedure in the medical and surgical profession. It is a disgraceful situation, but unfortunately a fact, that countless cancer "cures" without any intrinsic merit are permitted to be offered to the public, while in many of the states nonmedical persons apply such "cures" under high sounding names and false pretenses, to the infinite injury of those concerned.

It is true that in some cases such "cures" seem to effect miraculous results, inexplicable even to those who are competent to pass upon the evidence. So much has yet to be learned as regards the best method of treatment that it would be premature to pronounce too harshly upon many of the efforts which are being made at least to alleviate suffering.

There is, fortunately, one fact which may be stated with all the emphasis it is possible to put into words, and that is cancer is not a contagious or infectious disease, and it is, therefore, not transmissible from person to person.

Nor is cancer an inherited disease, in the strict sense of the term. It is true that there are numerous cases on record in which cancer has been of exceptional frequency in particular families, but this may be explained on the basis of a cancerous predisposition, having its origin in like or similar habits of life.

The safety of the individual rests in the development of bodily and dietary habits which will avoid irritation of any kind, as far as it is possible, but particularly so as regards erroneous habits of eating and a tendency to eat too often during the day. Three meals are sufficient for all nutritional purposes, and even two meals will prove adequate in many cases.

Surgery stands out as the method of treatment which, thus far at least, has to its credit the largest number of successful cures. Cancer surgery, to be successful, requires, however, the earliest possible and complete removal of the cancerous growth. Within recent years X-ray treatment and radium treatment have also been successfully applied to many cases of cancer, and with an increasing degree of skill.

At the same time it cannot be too strongly urged upon the patient to use the most discriminating care in the selection of his physician. Many general practitioners, unfortunately, let a case drift along until it is too late.

No patient can afford to surrender his own judgment in such matters, and if there is the least question as to the qualifications of the attending physician it is best to make a change. Cancer treatment, at its best, involves the highest qualifications of medical and surgical skill, and the hope of the patient lies in obtaining the largest measure of such skill as may be within reach.

Cancer affects every part and organ of the body, but the rate of progress of the disease varies considerably, and likewise the efficacy of different forms of treatment.

Broadly speaking, the disease itself cannot be prevented by any known agency at the present time, but to an increasing extent death from the disease is prevented by timely and skillful treatment. Since so large a proportion of cancer patients come to operation or receive radical treatment otherwise when the condition of the disease has reached a practically hopeless stage, the statistics of operations cannot be relied upon to convey a true picture of the value of timely surgical interference. But the evidence is overwhelming that countless persons are alive today who, but for early and proper treatment, would have fallen victim to some form of cancerous affection.

The public is still governed very largely by the three fundamental factors opposed to health and medical progress, namely, ignorance, cowardice, and apathy. Of these fear is perhaps the most effective in bringing thousands of unhappy patients to a condition where successful treatment is out of the question.

The only thing to be afraid of in cancer is delay. The marvels of modern surgery penetrate into the most inaccessible parts of the human body, and the results justify the positive assurance that timely interference in almost any form of cancerous growth is certain to prolong life for many years.

THE END

Cancer is increasing in the United States at the rate of two and a half per cent a year, and takes an annual toll of more than one hundred thousand lives in this country.

Cancer is always a local affection and, if taken care of early, can frequently be removed in its entirety. Whenever cancerous symptoms occur, a specialist should be consulted. The best is none too good. Many persons resort to surgical treatment when it is too late.

Cancer is more prevalent among the well-to-do—those who are overnourished. Overeating is ascribed as one of the most common causes.

The only thing to be afraid of in cancer is delay. The marvels of modern surgery justify the positive assurance that timely interference in almost any form of cancerous growth is certain to prolong life for many years.

"You wouldn't want two in the twenty-first row, Mr. Finkbine," she tells him.

GYPING MR. FINKBINE

An Exposé of the High Financial Peril of Being a Man About Town

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

IN the nineties — I refer to time and not to degrees of latitude—in the nineties well-known people were well known for what they had accomplished — a United States Presidency, a 250,000 copy selling book, a particularly atrocious murder, or in any event a dinner at which the police broke in and arrested Little Egypt, the dancer.

As a commentary on the nineties, let it be noted that if nowadays a dancer were to show up at a regular performance of a musical comedy and not a bachelor dinner with as many clothes as Little Egypt wore, she would be asked by the stage manager if she was going sleigh riding or something.

However, to develop the theme of this article, which is in part the high cost of becoming well known without deserving it, let us examine the processes whereby this condition of the nineties changed, so that today, if Mr. Rutherford B. H. Finkbine, one of the largest prune packers of San José, California, but not so large at that, enters the main dining room of the Fillitinyourself Hotel, New York, the captain in charge of the silk rope at the door immediately says:

"Table for two, MR. FINKBINE? Step right this way." (The capital letters are the headwaiter's, not mine.)

You may hardly believe this, but I personally can remember the time when if a headwaiter said to a patron, "Step this way, Mr. Glass," it was because his mother and father ran Geissenheimer's delicatessen store on Third Avenue between Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets, and he had seen you in there on his day off when he was helping behind the counter, at which time you had bought half a pound of tongue, twenty-five cents worth of sturgeon and a loaf of Bohemian rye bread.

This, of course, was not the only way that headwaiters became acquainted with the surnames of customers, but at that time—I refer to the nineties—the custom had not gained currency—an appropriate phrase—of headwaiters accepting ten dollars from Oklahoma sojourners in New York upon the implied consideration that in the presence of large numbers of anonymous, but none the less hungry aspirants for tables, the headwaiter should pronounce the surname of the party of the first part so loudly and distinctly as to leave no doubt in the minds of strangers to the ten

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This charm lies hidden in your hair

IN EVERY woman's hair lies a loveliness that has never been revealed—that can only be brought out by the proper care.

When you use ordinary harsh, irritating, smelly soaps, you are covering up this charm instead of bringing it out.

But you *can* make yourself more attractive than you ever dreamed. You can have hair that is silky, lustrous and fragrant—a scalp that is soft, white and healthy. Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo brings them these things.

Its purity insures hair-health, its mildness soothes the most delicate scalp, its fragrance is the dainty perfume of cleanliness.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your hair healthy, sweet and lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

dollar transaction that here indeed was a celebrity.

THE result of this custom is that if you are not on terms of ten dollar intimacy with a headwaiter, on busy nights you won't get a table at all; and if nights should not be so busy and you *should* get a table, you will be conducted to it with less politeness than if the idea was not to keep the judge waiting as he had other cases of vagrancy to dispose of besides *yours*. Now, I ask you, Mr. Finkbine, why spoil the pitch for others?

But soft! This is an archaic exclamation and doesn't refer to Mr. Finkbine's head. It is occasioned by my getting ahead of what to a New Yorker is a painful subject. It is not that he cares even a modulated whoop, hardly amounting to a strident whisper, about New York's fair name. Only Tammany Hall politicians care about New York's fair name, and even *they* don't care as soon as the ballots are counted. It is characteristic of a cockney, whether he be a Paris cockney, a New York cockney, or a Berlin cockney, not to bother about what provincials think of his home town.

If it is unsafe for a visitor from San Antonio, Texas, to ride uptown in a taxicab with a large blonde lady to whom he is in no way related except that they are both admirers of Mr. Cleveland's steel engraved portrait on a twenty dollar bill, the New Yorker should worry.

These are doubtful amusements which the New Yorker concedes to San Antonians, and if Mr. Finkbine of the prune belt in California or anywhere else cares to try his luck at the Monsoon Club on West Forty-eighth Street with five other gentlemen in a six handed game, all of whom except Mr. Finkbine are playing for the house, that is also a matter which is strictly between Mr. Finkbine and the loan and discount committee of his bank.

But there are a great many amusements which Mr. Finkbine, from the prune belt or somewhere, the gentleman from San Antonio, and resident New Yorkers ought to share in common and for a price commensurable with the amount of entertainment derived. And who boosts the price? Not the resident New Yorker, you may depend on that.

Take the case of a Mr. Glass who has lived in New York for thirty-five years, for example. If he were to pay a headwaiter ten dollars for the hollow pleasure of hearing himself loudly called Mr. Glass, it would be money wasted, and why? Because in the New York City directory there is a page entirely filled with Glasses. There is a Patrick Glass, mason, 4563 Amerman Avenue, the Bronx, there is Harris Glass, butcher, 32 Hester Street, there may be even Generoso Glass, *né* Vetro, 256 Mulberry Street—and more than likely—Lee Fong Glass, laundry, 326 Tenth Avenue. What New Yorker in the full possession of his senses and ten dollars cash would take leave of both in order to be confounded with the multitude of Glasses which has arrived in New York since Castle Garden and later Ellis Island opened for business?

Nevertheless, I like to dine occasionally in the restaurant of a de luxe hotel, and to do this I am even willing to pay the exorbitant prices on the bill of fare, plus a tip slightly in excess of ten per cent of the total, to a Greek or Roumanian waiter whom Mr. Finkbine considers the genuine French article.

What I do object to, however, is to be sent under guard from the roped-off entrance on a trip of approximately three-eighths of a mile to a table so close to the band that I might well be mistaken for the cello player snatching a hurried bite during a rest of twenty-five measures in the Overture of Zampa.

I have the Mr. Finkbines of the country to thank for this. And yet it goes without saying that the Mr. Finkbines of the country are constantly dispersing to their home towns, North, South, East, and West, and more especially mid-West, and spreading the report that New York is a place where everybody is out to do everybody else. By everybody, Mr. Finkbine means headwaiters, theater ticket speculators, cabaret proprietors, large blonde ladies, the imitation yellow taxicabs which they patronize, hat check concessionaires and some hotel proprietors, and by "everybody else," Mr. Finkbine can't help meaning himself.

But unfortunately the infection has not been localized, as the doctors would say. We have seen how the New Yorker suffers in the eyes of the headwaiter because he is not a Finkbine. Sometimes he even becomes a temporary Finkbine in self-defense. And the ease with which the headwaiter picks up an occasional ten dollars is not unobserved by the hotel manager and through him the hotel proprietor.

Nor is the lesson of just how much a Finkbine will pay for a theater ticket in a hotel theater ticket office lost upon the theater manager.

Only a short time ago a musical revue opened in New York, and at the first performance the scale of prices at the box office was raised to a twenty dollar top. That is to say, the tickets themselves actually bore the figures twenty dollars and two dollars amusement tax in addition. What they sold for in the theater ticket offices of the hotels at which the Finkbines stay may well be imagined from the procedure by which Mr. Finkbine acquires a pair of orchestra seats for any Saturday night when the same tickets are stamped five dollars with fifty cents additional amusement tax.

THE theater ticket office of a large hotel is usually tended by two or three ladies who, in my probably poor observation, are not selected for their physical charm. For over three months I had the misfortune to occupy an eight dollar minimum rate room at one of those big hotels not a stone's throw from one of our large railway stations, and if it were a bomb instead of a stone I for one wouldn't raise a finger to prevent anybody throwing it.

I can therefore testify that the ladies who sold the theater tickets at that hotel were not standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. In fact as far as looks and age were concerned, they were swimming with a strong trudgeon stroke well beyond the twelve mile limit, but they did know how to sell theater tickets to the temporary man about town from the West.

The history of a typical transaction is as follows: Mr. Finkbine and in fact twenty or thirty Mr. Finkbines have decided before luncheon that they want to go that evening to see The Libels of 1924. It's a good, live show, containing a human chandelier composed of eight young ladies clinging to a rope suspended from the flies, although in itself this particular turn fails to account for the high prices of admission. It is an inexpensive act to put on. All it requires is a rope, eight young ladies and no costumes. In addition the Libels has—or maybe it's *have*—several highly obscene songs which are put over with a bang by one of those dynamic black-face comedians who to my mind are perhaps the only justification for the Ku Klux Klan.

However, to proceed with the transaction. Mr. Finkbine comes out of the dining room and makes his request known to one of the ladies in charge. She shakes her head doubtfully.

"I'll take your name and room number and let you know," she says, but she doesn't let him know. He returns at four o'clock.

"O! Here's Mr. Finkbine back," she says to the two other ladies behind the counter and incidentally to eight or nine other persons in front of the counter. "Has any word come about those tickets for the Libels for Mr. Finkbine?"

No word has come, it appears, so she picks up one of the half a dozen phones against the wall and rings up the main office of the theater ticket agency.

"Listen, Eddy," she says. "How about those tickets for Mr. Finkbine? Sure, Mr. Finkbine of San José."

After a short pause she says:

"No, he wouldn't want *them* . . . Well, I'll ask him."

She turns to Mr. Finkbine and consequently to the small crowd in front of the counter.

"You wouldn't want two in the twenty-first row, Mr. Finkbine," she tells him. This is not a question. It's a challenge, and Mr. Finkbine accepts it as such. He denies that he would want two seats in the twenty-first row. He is in fact put upon his honor to deny it.

"Well, listen, Mr. Finkbine," she says, "I tell you what you do: Come back again around eight o'clock and I'll have something better for you, Mr. Finkbine."

"You won't forget me," Mr. Finkbine tells her, and she looks severely at one of the other ladies.

"Listen, Essie," she says, "if word comes about Mr. Finkbine's tickets and I ain't here, ring up his room right away, will you?"

Essie says: "Certainly, Mr. Finkbine."

"All right, Mr. Finkbine," the first lady assures him. "We'll take care of you."

SHE smiles confidently. She has reason to be confident, because, as a matter of fact, in one of the drawers beneath the counters are twenty pairs of seats for tonight's Libels, all of them in the third, fourth, and fifth rows, center.

Now, of course, she could have sold him a pair of those seats at lunch time and settled the whole thing right then and there, but that is not the way that theater ticket office proprietors retire to magnificent estates in the country.

When Mr. Finkbine returns at eight o'clock, he finds himself in a mob of twenty or thirty other Finkbines bearing, of course, different surnames. The lady in charge looks at him with an expression which combines in the right proportions, loyalty, conspiracy and the consciousness of guilt. She is projecting over the counter at Mr. Finkbine that in his especial behalf, she has kept faith with him to the extent of excluding all the other twenty or thirty Finkbines from the precinct of tonight's Libels of 1924. Later on she will look at each one of the twenty or thirty other Finkbines with precisely the same expression.

"Will two in the fourth row center be all right, Mr. Finkbine?" she asks.

Mr. Finkbine nods and hands her a twenty dollar bill.

She gives him in return the tickets, two one dollar bills and some assorted small silver.

A moment later she says: "Thank you, Mr. Finkbine," for Mr. Finkbine has handed back one of the dollar bills to her, and thus for the privilege of seeing what of right ought be a two dollar show, Mr. Finkbine has paid nine dollars a seat, the seven dollars excess representing the overhead of being many times called *Mr. Finkbine* in the presence of disinterested or rather uninterested witnesses. In fairness to Mr. Finkbine, however, let it be said that this is not the only reason why he has spent this foolishly extravagant sum. He is also motivated—that's a nice word—by a desire to overreach his fellow citizens, and by an impulse to exhibit what Professor Veblen calls, *conspicuous honorific waste.*

Conspicuous honorific waste is the maxim: "Them as has 'em, wears 'em," translated into action. It accounts for tipping headwaiters ten dollars, paying one hundred and sixty dollars for a suit of clothes made on Fifth Avenue when the same article can be purchased in one's home town for eighty dollars; buying a pair of theater seats for eighteen dollars, a pair of football game tickets for one hundred dollars, and a round of mysterious cocktails at two dollars apiece.

It is what gives the Finkbines of the country a self-gratifying reputation for being good spenders and the New York restaurant and hotel proprietors, theatrical managers and Fifth Avenue tailors a nation-wide reputation for gyping the visitor to New York.

Somebody pointed out the other day that this same visitor to New York is comparatively safe from the old-time bunco steerer, wire tapper and confidence man whose disappearance has been attributed to our efficient police force. But it might be well, before giving credit to where credit is not due, if the investigator would make a few inquiries among Mr. Gondorf, Doc Owen, and Mr. Lamar, sometimes called the Wolf of Wall Street. Why, compared with an up-to-date, hustling headwaiter in the main dining room of some first class New York City hotel, the Wolf of Wall Street isn't even a toy Pomeranian.

The fact is that the confidence man's argument which he advanced to his intended victim has become completely outworn. What he told the come-on was that here was the chance of a lifetime to get away with a big bunch of easy kale. Any confidence man who would nowadays approach the Finkbines of the country with a scheme for making money would be met with a profusion of counter schemes for making much more money.

The Finkbines know how to make money. What they don't know is how to spend it. It would also be utterly fruitless for anybody with a dyed mustache to meet Mr. Finkbine at the Grand Central Station and say:

"Mr. Tomlinson, I believe?"

All Mr. Finkbine would say is:

"Well, if you believe that, you'd believe anything."

HE would at once know the greeter for a bunco steerer and a crook and wouldn't even bother to hand him over to the police. Instead Mr. Finkbine would proceed immediately to a nearby hotel where he would register and be assigned a room without inquiring the rate so that he could get soaked fifteen dollars a day for accommodations pegged at seven dollars a day. He would then hardly wait to wash before lavishing a ten dollar bill on the headwaiter and ordering two seats for that same evening, which in all probability he would be able to buy at the box office window, at box office prices, five minutes after the performance began.

For if the Finkbines of the country don't know it, it's time they learned that nearly all the tickets bought by hotel agencies are sold by the theatrical manager with a twenty-five per cent return privilege. This means that if the agencies don't sell out all the tickets they've bought from the manager they can return twenty-five per cent of their purchase and get a refund.

Sometimes the agents are stuck with more than twenty-five per cent of their purchase, and in that case they turn in the excess to the cut-rate ticket offices, so that there have been rainy evenings when Mr. Finkbine from San José has bought two tickets marked four dollars and forty cents apiece for which he has paid in the manner above set forth—nineteen dollars—and half an hour later he has been seated next to a *Mr. Finkbein* from One Hundred and Sixteenth Street who has simultaneously but at a different agency bought two tickets also marked four dollars and forty cents apiece for which by virtue of being a "bein" and not a "bine," he has paid in the aggregate two dollars.

Perhaps the only remedy for this unfortunate condition is the passage of a city ordinance by the New York Board of Aldermen, making it compulsory for attendants in hotel theater ticket offices to wear large dyed mustaches, and thus give to the Finkbines of the country constructive notice that they are being sold gold bricks.

To this might be added a rider making it a misdemeanor for headwaiters to call patrons by their surnames in any tone of voice louder than a hoarse whisper. At any rate, something must be done about this shameless sale of surname privileges, or pretty soon I shall be going into my favorite enamel brick restaurant for an after-theater supper and shall hear one of the young ladies in white say to the gentleman at the gas griddle near the window—bribed to do so by a tip of fifteen cents:

"Brown the wheats for Mr. Rabinowitz!"

THE END

He Has Written the Most Fascinating Novel of the Year

Most of us have had the experience of envying someone whose mind seemed keener than our own—who learned more quickly, who achieved things more easily, who could solve at a glance the problems which baffled us.

Destiny is kind to such persons. Life presents itself to them as a broad and pleasant avenue, while toward the rest of us it appears a steep and stony trail.

Sometimes we lose sight of them and we wonder what has become of them. Do their lives turn out so pleasantly, after all?

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIBERTY

the distinguished author whose picture appears at the left begins a serial which describes the career of a man whom fate apparently picked to succeed. Yet he didn't succeed. And if you have ever envied anybody you ought to be interested in his story.

You will probably be interested also in learning the author's identity.

What Makes a Happy Marriage? In This Article, the Fifth in His Series of Essays on Love, W. L. George, the Noted English Analyst of the Emotions, Says the Great Requirement Is . . .

TRUE LOVE

But What IS True Love? Is It the Ardent Fire of the Honeymoon, the Placid Contentment of Middle Age—or Something Else?

By W. L. GEORGE

WE all have prejudices, and perhaps more prejudices about love than about anything else, probably because this is the subject which preoccupies us most. No doubt already a reader will deny this and say that money, games, ambition, fill the human mind equally with love; but I doubt it, since love is, after all, the aspiration of the unborn race, a matter of some urgency. Thus when we say love, true love, passion, etc., we easily blunder into confusion.

We find the optimist saying with Shakespeare that "the course of true love never did run smooth," or we find the pessimist as represented by La Rochefoucauld remarking that true love is akin to ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen.

Notably, a foggy idea of love and passion clouds many brains; any discussion on the subject, particularly with ladies who are rather young, leads to a confused argument from which it appears that love is one thing, passion another, and that never the twain shall meet.

The prevalent idea is that true love is what Mr. Polly would have called a benifluous influence, something vaporous, in the nature of a spring zephyr; it is understood that true love is best served when the lover is allowed to die at the feet of his beloved, and not to die in a gross, animal way, but in a gracious elevated manner, uttering speeches which almost rhyme. According to these idealists, true love thrives upon absence, coldness, self-sacrifice; it "gives" and never "takes."

In fact, it is a very superior emotion, and often I have watched with a certain anxiety the husband issuing from the suburbs to catch the train to the city, and asked myself whether they really, and all of them, are or have been in this benifluous state of mind.

I AM not prepared in this short article to disentangle exactly the difference between what is called love and what is called passion. I agree that two individuals may feel passion one for the other without feeling what is technically called love, but I shall never concede that love can exist unless passion has gone before to light its beacons and show it the road.

I do not believe in soul marriages, or in marriages based upon affection, community of tastes, mutual respect, or any of the emotional automobiles which couples are given to using when they are not quite sure they will tolerate each other long enough merely to take a walk. While agreeing that lovers should have tastes in common, feel mutual respect, and so forth, I suggest that true love is a compound.

I was once asked at a lecture to define love, and ventured so far as to say that it is a compound of the maximum of mental attraction, the maximum of physical attraction, and the maximum of esthetic attraction. Then the lady asked me how was one to recognize one's maximum, and put me into a difficulty where I remain.

Some years ago I was traveling in an omnibus with a young woman when, by accident, her husband entered. She shook hands with him and, seeing that I smiled, said:

"You don't know how nice it can be to shake hands with one's husband when one's fond of him."

THAT expresses what I mean. Those two were and still are very happy, are both maniacally fond of golf, and after a dinner party always sit together for an hour to enjoy each other's company. In addition, they shake hands when they meet in the omnibus.

It sounds like nothing, but that small detail produces a specimen of their conjugal relation. They are still attractive to each other, and it is not because they have common tastes that they love each other; it is because they have common tastes and because they are attracted. Contrariwise, dispassionate marriage, even if it brings enormous advantages, security, wealth, rank, travel, cannot be a success. It can be tolerable, it can be affectionate, it can be interesting, but it must miss the early radiance of entirely foolish unions which in the end come to grief.

The reader will have observed in the preceding paragraph that I dwell upon the fact that passion is a feature of the early part of a relationship. Indeed, that is inevitable, and I will show a little farther on why it is not undesirable. This because the attraction of a man for a woman is not the same as the purely primitive attraction of animals. We are animals, but very complicated, very exacting, and so we are not content with mere passion; we need it, but we need that something more which is called love.

Now, when a couple fall in love they generally suffer from illusions; they do not realize that common taste, sense of humor, are clouded over by a rosy mist. They are attracted unawares, and in many cases they are merely attracted, so that by degrees, as the attraction stales, they become very unhappy.

But in many cases, in fact most cases, they do not become unhappy. Most marriages are fairly happy. The reader may point out that in the United States one marriage in less than ten is dissolved, but I would reply that nine marriages out of less than ten are not dissolved, and therefore that nine marriages out of ten are tolerable or better.

The vast majority of marriages are fairly happy, though they are not founded upon passion, because the early rapture of association enables a couple to develop common tastes, to develop responsibilities; in other words, to make a new common life. Thus when, as it must, passionate attraction dwindles, the couple has manufactured something else. They build a house where they can dwell and, according to their toleration, to their kindliness, that house will have few or many mansions.

Most of us know at least one aged couple who love each other; they are not bound by passion, but they have been. Otherwise they would never have succeeded in remaining lovers for fifty years.

This analysis may sound sad, and the reader may mourn the fact that passion must die. He will think of Greiffenhagen's picture, The Idyll, and wish those lovers in the garden might all through life clasp each other in a constant embrace. But they don't and it is just as well. For let us be clear that when passion has done its part—namely, brought two lovers together, and taught them to live each other's life—it is nothing but a nuisance. Passion interferes with the ordinary activities of mankind, such as building bridges or taking money for pounds of coffee.

A big employer expressed the matter to me crisply:

"When I discover that one of my young men is in love, and I discover this through the fact that he does silly things in business, I give him a raise and send him to get married. That's the only cure for love."

WE will not discuss marriage as a cure for love, but merely agree that the employer was right, and that people who are absorbed by passion are fit only to sell Cupid because his are the only goods they can deliver. The man or woman who, having married happily, still allows his mind to dwell on thoughts of passion is foolish, and will do no good in the world.

Here, of course, we find a difference of point of view between men and women, particularly during the period of the engagement. As a

He will think of Greiffenhagen's picture, The Idyll, and wish that those lovers in the garden might all through life clasp each other in a constant embrace.

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

rule, where we observe two lovers the man is much more romantic, much more elevated and delicate than the woman. It is he who sets aside passionate ideas while affecting a sort of coarse man-of-the-worldliness, and pretending there is no poetry in him.

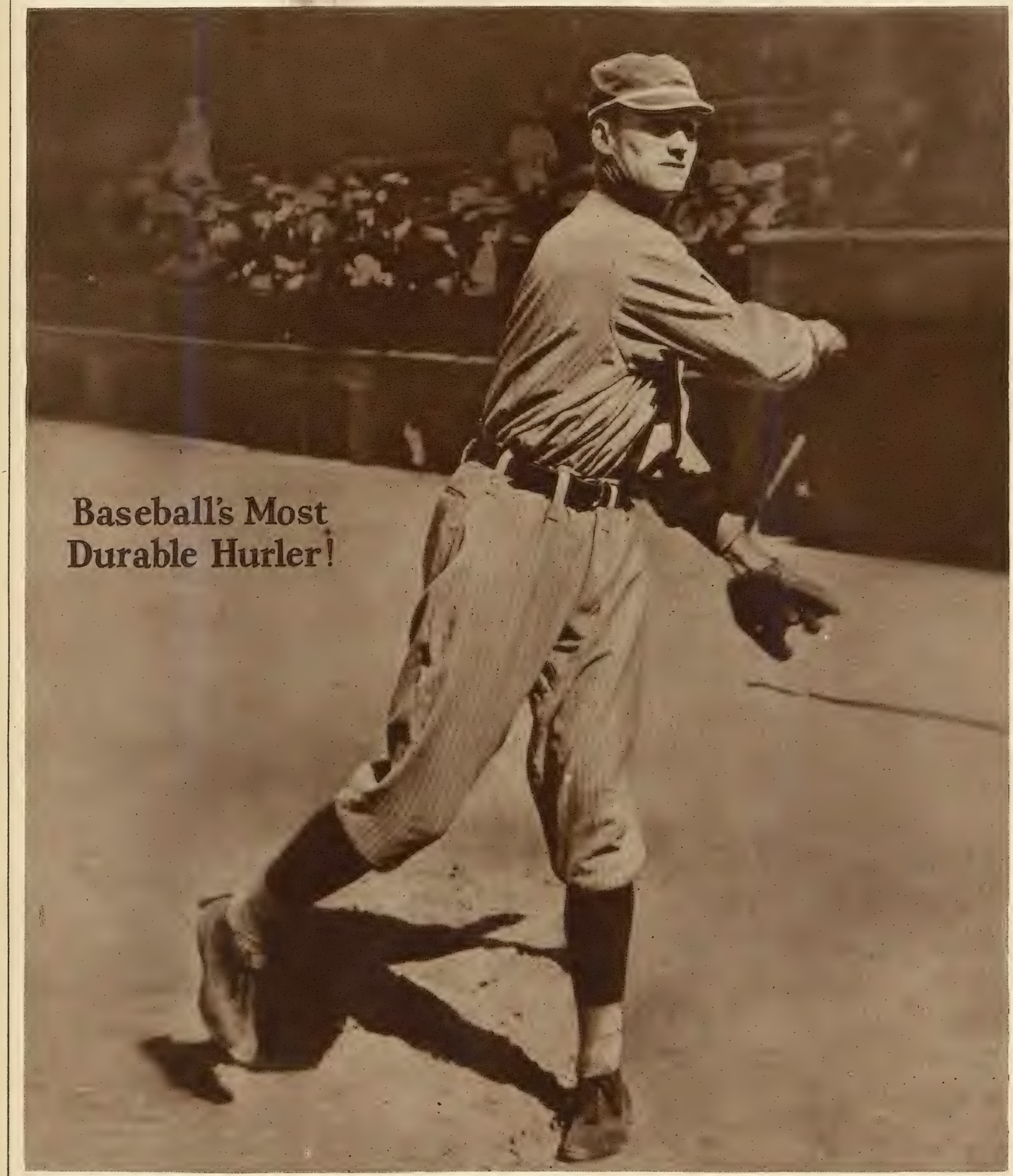
Meanwhile the girl does the contrary. She pretends that to her marriage appears as a translation to a superior emotional sphere, and that nothing so gross as a handclasp enters into her composition. According to her, she is all spirit, while he is all earth. What she is depends upon circumstances, but the general slant of woman is so much more material, so much more primitive than man's, that we may doubt whether women are so aloof and whether men are so gross as is generally made out.

That cannot be helped. It is part of the play acting which lovers indulge in, innocent and necessary play acting, because it is part of the mechanism of attraction. It is part of true love. For the essence of true love, and upon this I would close the present article, is that it should not be too obvious.

If a young couple are matter of fact when discussing their union; if, for instance, the girl, as is common nowadays, talks lightly about her future children, if the man remarks in a clear headed manner that Molly is very selfish and he'll have to cure her, here is probably a case of untrue love.

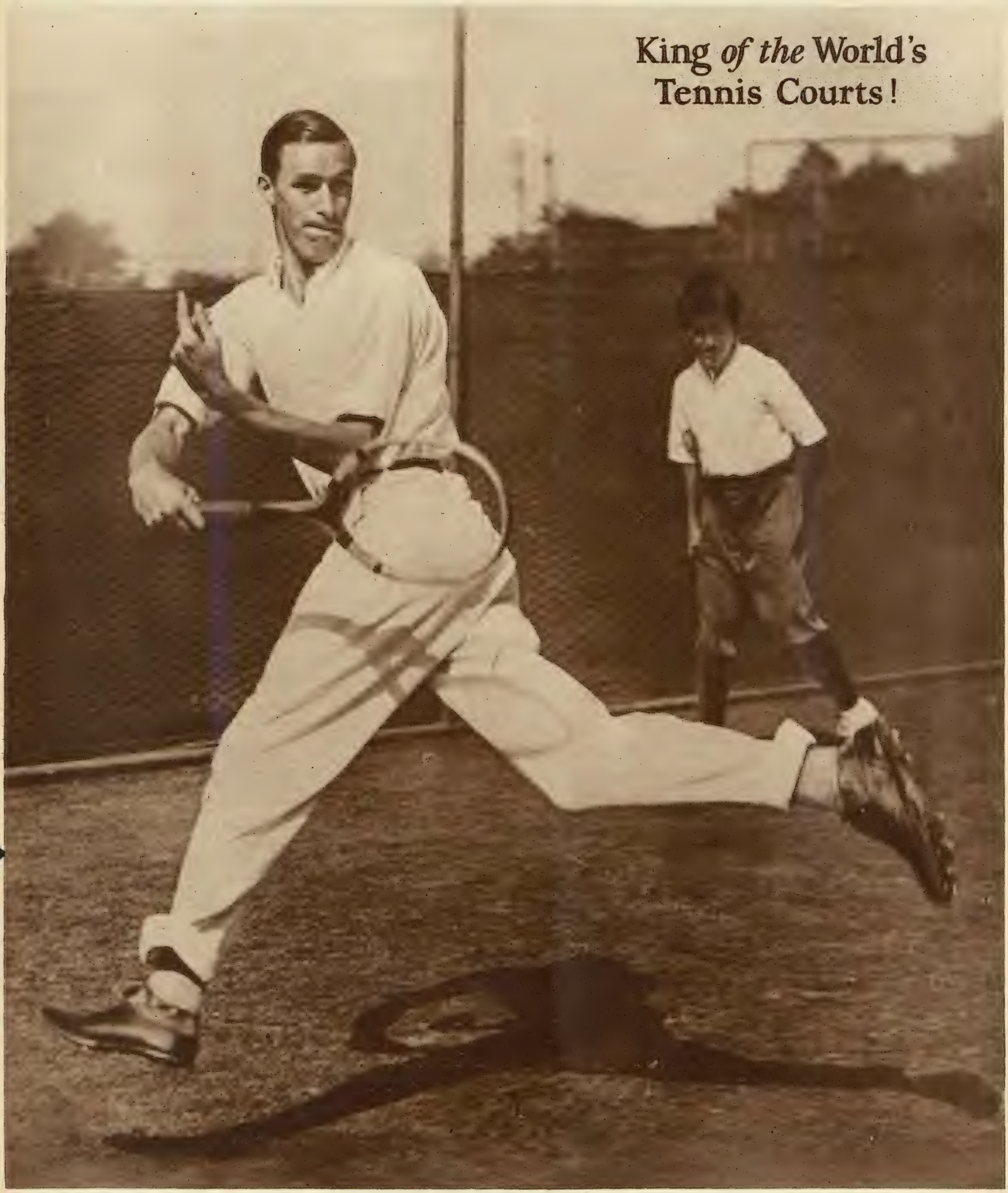
One cannot have true love unless one is deceived; a girl must wed with a god or at least a demi-god; she will have time enough in marriage to come down from her altitude, but it is essential that once, if once only, she should stand on the dizzy pinnacle where Cupid dwells. For Cupid has wings and they were not given him for nothing. Today a young couple tends to scale the heights by airplane, because it's quicker, and the wing is out of date. But scale these heights of illusion they must assuredly do if only to see a land of promise, a promise that may be half kept.

THE END



WALTER JOHNSON, THE SPEED KING—and the pitcher who has served longest, and done most, in present-day major league baseball! This year, during which he has played a stellar part in the Washington team's terrific fight for pennant honors, is his eighteenth in the major leagues—the record for present-day pitchers. His former rival, Christy Mathewson, lasted seventeen seasons in the majors. At the close of last year Johnson held the American League championship for games won with a total of 336, and also the world's record for strikeouts with 3,058. His achievements this year will set his records noticeably higher.

King *of the* World's Tennis Courts!



WILLIAM T. TILDEN II.—for the fifth time national champion, and the world's greatest tennis player! At Forest Hills, New York, on September 2, Tilden, for the sixth consecutive time, fought his way to the final match with William M. Johnston—and for the fifth time defeated Johnston for the title, 6—1, 9—7, 6—2. Johnston defeated Tilden in 1919, which was their first title meeting. With Tilden's latest victory goes, to all intents and purposes, the world's title, for every known player who has a chance to defeat him competed in the tournament.

Lerick Photo.

A Far East relief is offered the wedding gown in the model to the left, of ermine-trimmed silver cloth, with tulle veil sustained by the turban. In the second figure, with lace veil attached to a Juliet cap of pearls, is a Thirteenth Century inspiration. The popular coat-tunic is embodied in the third model, a Venise gown, the satin-bound tunic of which is girdled with twisted and pearl-embroidered satin. At the right, a Second Empire adaptation in satin with ermine shoulder straps and a bouffant skirt trimmed with orange blossoms.

SUGGESTIONS *for the* AUTUMN BRIDE

by Corinne Lowe

THE bride's gown is a real tourist. It travels to all countries and epochs for its inspiration and, although many wedding costumes merely reflect the prevailing modes of less ceremonious occasions, there are standardized types of bride's apparel reaching toward more remote sources.

To such standardized modes belong both the medieval and the Second Empire gowns associated with so many weddings that have occurred during recent years. The former of these is, of course, identified by its long waist and straight silhouette with our established fashions of everyday wear. Nevertheless, in the bridal gown the stateliness of that epoch is given a more generous opportunity.

The second figure in the panel above illustrates how closely the bride of today may approach in spirit the bride of 1200 A. D. This gown is here illustrated in lustrous white satin, but it may, of course, be carried out in silver cloth or in lace. A lace veil, accepting all the responsibility of a train, is adjusted over an adorable little Juliet cap of pearls. These pearls are repeated in the girdle, dropping a long square tab down the front of the skirt. Deep fluted ruffles of net terminate the fitted sleeves and there is a border of net to define the square neckline. The last touch consists of that modern spray of orange blossoms placed on the left shoulder.

There is nothing more becoming to the medium sized and tall girl than the medieval line. Her petite sister, on the other hand, finds her stature diminished by that characteristic lengthened waistline. To her, therefore, a frock of either Second Empire or Directoire inspiration is infinitely more becoming.

At the right in the panel above is shown one of the many versions of Second Empire wedding gowns. Developed in white satin with scattered sprays of orange blossoms as the emphatic note of its bouffant skirt and with shoulder straps of ermine or marabou as the outstanding novelty of its corsage, this gown is completed by a lace well draped in Spanish fashion over a high white comb and held at the front by sprays of orange blossoms.

The third model in the panel deals with the tunic theme in all-Venise. In this square-necked tunic bound with white satin and girdled in a twisted band of pearl-embroidered white satin we encounter the same coat fashion raging in everyday modes. This is completed by the most adorable of white net veils confined by a cap with a fold of its net encircling the chin.

A more arresting form of the tunic is found in the first figure in the panel. Here there is more than a suggestion of the Orient in this flaring overgarment with its bands of ermine. The sleeves, too, bear out such inference and particularly new is the revers neckline. This model is carried out in silver cloth. In harmony with its Eastern spirit is the Hindoo turban, from which depends a long tulle veil.

MAKE IT SMARTLY SIMPLE and MEET the MODE

By
PATRICIA

SIMPLICITY—smart simplicity, is the keynote to being well dressed this fall. However, there is a little nicety of detail, the importance of which cannot be overlooked.

A very well cut coat of wool plaid or plain kasha cloth like 2187 is just the thing for younger girls of 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It can be buttoned high or turned low, as shown in the illustration. Its swagger lines will appeal to little sister, and mother will also like it, since there is only a minimum of seams. In the 8 year size, 1¾ yards of 54 inch material with 2⅛ yards of 36 inch lining are required.

No. 1678 is a little hang-from-the-shoulder frock with raglan sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. Gingham, chambray, silk, cotton or wool crepe, and the fancy cottons are suitable materials from which to make it. The pattern for No. 1678 can be had in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. In the 8 year size, 3½ yards of 36 inch material are required for the dress and bloomers. The embroidery is easily done and is only a matter of an hour's work, but the decorative note is so effective that it really pays to put this extra time on it. The transfer pattern, No. 718, comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

A beltless coat dress—every smartly dressed woman will have at least one of these good looking dresses this fall. Here is a pattern for one which is not only smart, but very simple. Reps and crêpes, the ribbed silks and kasha cloth are the most popular materials for dresses of this type. The pattern for No. 2194 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54 inch goods.

A lovely afternoon dress made in a few hours! Isn't that tempting? Here's your chance, for this dress is one of the simplest as well as prettiest dresses you could wish. It cuts all in one piece as shown in the diagram, which shows the garment opened out immediately after cutting. No. 2180 would be lovely in a pretty printed silk, a plain flat crêpe, satin, poplin, a fine twill or kasha cloth. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 3½ yards of 40 inch material are required.

Have you an apron to don over your best frock for Sunday supper-getting? One that's attractive enough to offer a guest who insists upon helping? Here's one, No. 2051, that cuts all in one piece. In the medium size, 2 yards of 36 inch material are required.

The embroidery or applique designs are included with many others in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 700, which comes in blue only and costs fifteen cents extra.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

CORINNE GRIFFITH

STAGE Folk Have to Learn to Make Their Hands Appear Beautiful, Whether They Are or Not. They Do It by Studying Graceful Gesture, Because . . . .

PRETTY HANDS

Are Essential to Beauty, Declares Lovely

CORINNE GRIFFITH

AN INTERVIEW

By JOSEPHINE DAY

MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH has that quality of beauty we particularly admire. She is full of surprises for the eye. Some women give you their all in your first sight of them. Some whose claim to beauty rests upon one outstanding feature, a glorious head of hair or devastating eyes, pall upon one after a while by imperfections.

Miss Griffith does not burst upon your vision with any of the breath taking radiance of a summer sunset. Rather she glides in as upon a soft, alluring, mysteriously feminine moonbeam and leaves you to ferret out the secrets of her charm for yourself.

Her voice is soft, her coloring delicate, her dress subdued, her manner quiet and graceful.

"I like everything toned down—nail polish, lip salve, rouge, voice, manner, and dress," Miss Griffith remarks.

Her eyes are violet, her hair brown, her figure toned down to a sixteen year size in dresses. Her ankles—well, if a certain French actress' are worth a million, the ante on Corinne's will have to be raised to five, at least.

Her hands are beautiful. Artistic, sensitive, capable, they are. They are said to be the most beautiful hands in the movies. They are not only beautiful as to shape and texture, but particularly lovely in gesture.

"The first thing I notice about people is their hands," she tells us. "I notice the shape and structure, but I do not think that as important as the way the hand is used.

"Stage folk have to learn to make their hands appear beautiful whether they are or not. They do it by studying graceful gesture. I know one star who spent her early years weeping over her 'ugly' hands. Yet today invariably the critics devote a couple of lines to the eloquent beauty of her hands. I have been told that Sarah Bernhardt had hands which were far from perfect and that she had a trick of bringing the last two fingers and thumb together, leaving the index and second finger to give the hand a long, artistic impression. Duse was another great artist who knew the value of hand expression.

"Until I took dancing lessons I never knew what to do with my hands, nor how to use them in pictures. Awkwardness of gesture is the one thing above all others one is taught to lose in the esthetic dance training. I recommend it most heartily from experience.

"I CANNOT lay down any rules for hand expression. I do know a woman, though, who used to cut photographs with beautifully poised hands from magazines and art prints, and before her mirror study and practice graceful ways of holding the hands in repose.

"A nervous, unpoised woman displays how ill at ease she is by constantly fumbling, clasping and unclasping her handbag, rearranging her hair, and fussing with her hands. She usually makes an awkward picture because her muscles are taut. The one rule for grace of movement is to relax the controlling muscles.

"It is hardly necessary to say that hands must be cared for to avoid that awkward, apologetic way they appear at card tables and restaurants when they are neglected. With a very few simple articles a woman can keep her hands lovely. I care for my own except for an occasional manicure at a beauty parlor. With present day kitchen appliances no woman need have red, neglected looking hands.

"I do not like that red pink, highly polished nail you see frequently. It is too obtrusive and detracts from the beauty of the hand.

"To preserve the texture of the skin and save women from waking up some morning with a young face, a young spirit, and old, old hands, they should be massaged nightly with cold cream, or, better still, the good old formula of rose water, glycerin, and a few drops of lemon juice.

"Some women spoil the shape of the fingers by filing the nails to a sharp point. A more graceful finger tip is acquired by leaving the nail tip fuller and allowing the nail to extend a nice length beyond the flesh.

"The treatment of the arm must be considered in relation to beauty of the hand. A long, thin arm uncovered is improved with a bracelet or several of them to break the line at the wrist. The three-quarter sleeve is the most awkward trial a hand can be put to. Only the most beautiful hand will survive the test."

DO YOU want to know how to reduce? How to gain weight? How to acquire and retain a lovely complexion? What to do to have glossy, luxuriant hair? What exercises to do to keep young and physically and mentally fit? If there is any question on beauty or personal hygiene you want answered, write to Miss Josephine Day, health and beauty expert, in care of Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Inquiry must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

KNEE DEEP *in* SEA WATER

By WALTER S. HIATT

If Age Is Creeping Upon You, Consider Robert Dollar Who Was a Wage Earner Before the Civil War, and Now at the Age of 80 Has Undertaken to Make a Success of the First "Round-the-World" Steamship Line

"YOU are a rich man. Tell *me* how to get rich," I said to Robert Dollar.

"Why, work," said the man who at eighty years of age is risking his fortune in starting America's and the world's first all-around-the-world steamship line, the man who began work in a logging camp at the age of fourteen, who was working three years before the Civil War, who was working when expert shipbuilders had been declaring iron ships would not float.

Then the forever twinkling eyes of Robert Dollar took on a fresher glow. Between the joltings of the taxi on the waterfront cobblestones, while he was racing from his office to one of his ships to attend to some detail of his business, he added:

"What you really want to know is how to succeed. The great thing in this world is not money, but to succeed in whatever you are trying to do. If you succeed, enough money will come, and with that money you can succeed some more, and you can do good to others.

"To succeed, people must work, economize, use their heads, like their work, and stick to it. You cannot get anywhere by changes."

I had long wanted to meet Robert Dollar. I had been hearing of him all my life. He is one of the men most to be admired in the world. When I did meet him it was on the deck of a ship, a fitting place. It was at the end of a trip around the world, where he had gone looking for new business.

As soon as I introduced myself he said: "O, yes, you wrote me for a report on the world trade conditions as I found them. Here it is," he continued, smilingly.

I looked at it and gasped. In a rather long journalistic career, he was the first man who had ever written in an adequate manner what I had asked him to write.

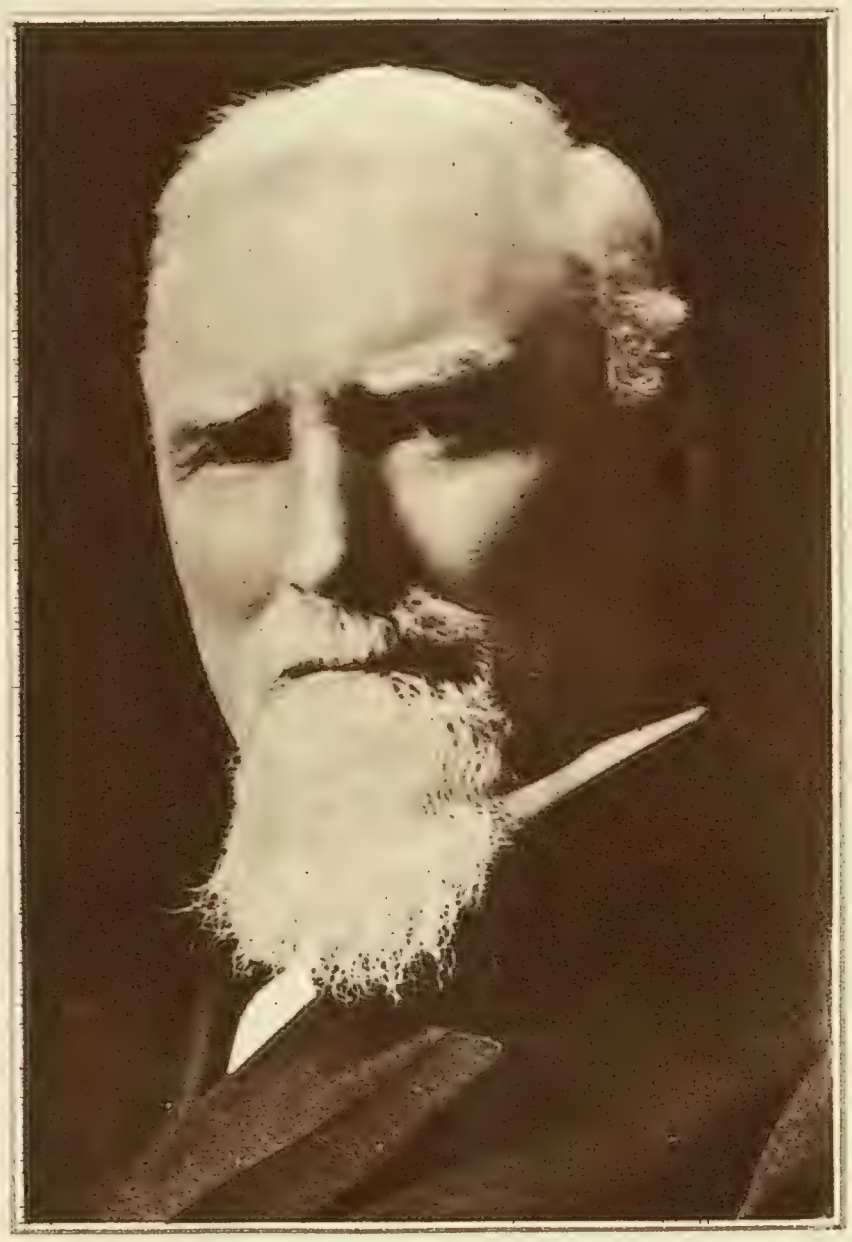
"Have a good trip? Any adventures?" I said to this man of romance, who has been jumping across seas and continents for three score years and ten, as readily as you and I make a week-end trip.

"Adventures? Why, I've never had any in my life, except when I got married, and that's the only one that counts," came the ever ready answer.

While we were talking I looked at the man I admired so much, whose friendly smile, white hair and chin whiskers are familiar on the Seven Seas.

Did you ever see a black robed country clergyman of our frontiers? Well, that's Robert Dollar.

Captain Dollar is cheerful, old, modest, talkative, neat. Nine dollars and ninety-nine cents is the approximate value of the clothes he has on him at a given moment, so worn and frayed are they. His shoes are well polished, and hold together and cover his feet, yet are cracked and look as though they had been ready to be thrown into the back yard any time in the last few years.



CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR

DOLLAR MARKS FOR SUCCESS

The Father of Success is Work.

The Mother of Success is Ambition.

The oldest son is Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Enthusiasm, and Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character.

Some of the sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get well acquainted with the "Old Man" and you will get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

Captain Dollar gives the impression of a man who can be depended on, who will remain steadfast to the end, an unbroken, unbowed tree of willowy strength. Physically he is just above the average height, yet the things one notices most about him are his eyes, lively brown eyes sparkling with wit.

I asked Captain Dollar for two appointments during the day of our meeting. He reached into his pocket, took out his notebook and said: "Let's see—I've got several appointments. Suppose we make the first appointment at noon." The second appointment he made for 4:15 in the afternoon. He said he could not make it earlier, because he felt it his duty to attend a meeting of the board of directors of a marine library association in New York.

The talk I had with Captain Dollar began as he was leaving his office and continued in a taxicab.

"What is the future of America at sea?" I asked him.

"The world is only knee deep in sea water," he said. "World trade is in its infancy. Consider how our land transportation has grown in railways and motor cars and you can get a glimpse of what will come on the seas. The world has now some thirty-three thousand deep water ships representing some sixty million tonnage. The world foreign trade is something like fifty to sixty billion dollars annually. In another ten or twenty years it may be a hundred billion—no one can say.

"The sea, the highway of nations, is bound to become more and more filled with ships. The time might come when the sea would figuratively be as full of ships as fishes. Just how many these ships will be is guesswork. There is a tendency to make larger and larger ships. Today I wouldn't buy a ship under ten thousand tons. Twenty years ago I wouldn't have bought a ship over five thousand tons.

"There is a great future on the sea for the United States. To make it a career, it is no more nor less promising for the young American than any other endeavor. If he will work and stick to it, he will succeed; otherwise not."

The taxi halted at a ferry. We were told that the ferry was delayed. "My, but it takes time to do business in New York," he sniffed. "It's too crowded. If I were a young man I shouldn't stay here very long. There is more room in the west.

"Anyway, that's where the big future for the shipping business lies, on the Pacific."

CAPTAIN DOLLAR reached into his pocket and drew out a paper filled with figures.

"I'll prove it to you," he said. "The Atlantic Ocean trade is pretty well filled up. It is stabilized. It has even fallen off somewhat since Continental Europe's business has been crippled, but that will return. However, look at the figures for the Panama Canal. In 1923 the tonnage passed that of the Suez Canal, although the business handled in the Panama Canal in 1922 was only thirteen million five hundred thousand tons.

"This means that the future of the world's business is in the Pacific, and especially in China. There is room in China for young

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Banker Deaf for Years Now Hears Perfectly

Mr. John L. Ellerman, President of the Farmers National Bank, Fairfax, South Dakota, says that after suffering from deafness for many years he can now hear the slightest whisper and is so proud and happy of his own good fortune that he wants everyone who is deaf or hard of hearing to know about it. After trying everything he could hear of without success, Mr. Ellerman finally saw the announcement of a New York firm stating that they had perfected a new hearing device called the Acousticon which would enable anyone whose auditory nerve was not entirely destroyed to hear as perfectly as those with normal hearing. As this firm offered to send their product on Ten Days Free Trial—no deposit—no C. O. D., he decided to try it. To his utter amazement and delight, he found that this remarkable invention enabled him to hear all sounds as clearly as when a boy. He has since recommended it to a number of his friends and they also report most satisfactory results. If you want to hear again as well as when a child, write the Dictograph Products Corporation, 1309-L Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd street, New York City, and ask them to send you an Acousticon on Ten Days Free trial. There are no strings attached to their offer. The trial is absolutely free. Just send them your name and address.—Adv.

CORNS

stop hurting in one minute!

For that painful corn here's safe, quick, lasting relief — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Cannot produce infection.

Zino-pads protect while they heal. Thin, antiseptic, healing, waterproof. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.

For Callouses

For Bunions

Special shapes and sizes quickly and safely relieve callouses, bunions, blisters and tender spots

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on ~ the pain is gone

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Americans to sell and to buy. Join the procession."

"So you believe in figures?" I remarked.

"Why, of course," he replied. "I spent the whole afternoon figuring. The first essential of education is to learn how to figure. Figures never lie, if you can make sure that the figures are right. Figures show the trend of business and what you can expect, and whether or not you are getting your fair share. These Panama Canal figures have set me thinking about my own business.

"I never trust to my memory for figures and facts. I carry one notebook throughout the day, and every morning when I get up, which is at six o'clock, I spend an hour before breakfast making up my business and personal diary of the preceding day. I have done this every morning for fifty-seven years."

"You must have literary ambitions," I suggested.

Captain Dollar smiled.

"No, every man to his trade. I shouldn't care to be a writer. But if I were a writer I shouldn't do anything else. The world couldn't go round unless each of us stuck to his last. There must be writers, I suppose, just as blacksmiths. I am neither."

"How did you get into the steamship business?" I inquired. "How does it come that at the age of eighty you are risking a fortune in such a hazardous business?"

"AS to the present," he answered, "it's merely the realization of an ambition. The wealth of nations is founded on international trade. Congress doesn't know this, but it is so. Five years ago I had an all-around-the-world freight business, but it seemed to me that there was a need for faster freight, so I converted the freight line into a passenger line. I am not afraid of risking money if I think I can succeed. I am not working for money, I am working for success. I have been working for that all my life."

Captain Dollar was born March 20, 1844, at Falkirk, Scotland, of a shipping family, went to Canada as a boy, where at the age of fourteen he became cook boy in a logging camp. At the age of twenty-one he was boss foreman, and gradually worked up in the lumber business; failed, went to Michigan, then to the west coast of the United States, operating ships in connection with the lumber trade. His first vessel was three hundred tons burden. Today he owns twenty big ships, with interests in many others.

That job as cook boy gave Captain Dollar his start, he said, because there he learned to figure and write at odd hours, using birch bark as a slate, attracted the attention of the camp boss, and later of company officials. In 1865 the company asked him to go to Ottawa, then sent him to the head of Peache Creek to open up a new lumber camp. He made good, he explained, then became a lumber operator, but lost money.

"You failed?" I suggested.

"No," he said tranquilly, "that was experience I had to pay for. It sent me to the United States in 1880, to Michigan lumber, where I waded in, founded Dollarville, and then in 1893 I went to the Pacific coast and started a lumber mill. I figured that water freight was cheaper than the railroads and bought a three hundred ton ship. That started me in a big way, especially in the China trade."

"What a life of adventures must have been yours," I remarked. "You must have had lots of personal dangers, dealing with rough men in a rough country."

"WHY, no! I never had what you would call a real fight," he said. "I never had to. I know and love men too well."

"How about the battle with the San Francisco labor union six years ago, when everybody was knocking down or being knocked down and dragged out? You fought then, didn't you?"

"Shucks!" Captain Dollar replied. "We just had to keep business going. We made up our minds to knock down two men for every one the union knocked down of ours, and so we won."

Yet this strong, wiry, eager old racehorse of a man beside me protested he had never had any adventures!

"So it was in the logging camps

you got the foundation for your health?" I queried.

"No. It's a case of the survival of the fittest. I have kept my health because I work. It's my sport in life. I get fun out of it every minute. I am never out of fun.

"I CAN prove that work is healthy. I have never been really ill. But some time since I had something wrong with one of my legs and my son Stanley insisted that I should consult a doctor. The doctor said I had to go to a hospital. I told the doctor: 'I have never been to a hospital in my life and I am not going now.' 'Very well,' said the doctor, 'better begin to issue invitations for your funeral.'

"'What do you want me to go to a hospital for?' I asked. 'Can't you do what you want to with my leg right here?'

"'O, well,' said the doctor, 'if you are so stubborn about it, I will.' So he cut into my leg and took out a cup of blood, and I went to my hotel and had a little rest, and that was the end of it. When I get to be a hundred I may call in the doctors for keeps.

"My custom is to eat lightly, especially little meat. I go to bed at nine at night and get up at six in the morning. I have always done this—unless work kept me up all night," he flashed.

I asked what was the most interesting thing he had seen on his trips around the world.

"The number of young men holding down soft jobs, dodging work," was the jocular answer.

"I am an old-fashioned fellow, I guess," smiled the captain, as he handed me his recipe for success, which he has distributed among his employés around the world. The card was as follows:

"Know the Success Family!

"The Father of Succes is Work.

"The Mother of Success is Ambition.

"The oldest son is Common Sense.

"Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Coöperation!

"The oldest daughter is Character.

"Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, and Harmony.

"The baby is Opportunity.

"Get well acquainted with the 'Old Man' and you will get along pretty well with the rest of the family."

As the taxi stopped alongside of his ship I asked one last question: "Have you got a hero, Captain Dollar?"

"No, I'm sorry. I'm only a plain man of business. But I have a heroine. She's out there," and he waved toward the Statue of Liberty, across the bay.

THE END

DE SACIA MOORS, who will shortly be observed by film fans in It Is the Law, made ready for cinema distinction by playing in stock. She is best remembered, perhaps, for her work in Potash and Perlmutter.

THAIS VALDEMAR is basking in the Kleigs with the redoubtable Buck Jones. They are both carded soon to appear in Against All Odds. Miss Valdemar also helped to make The Ghost Chaser easy to look at.

Rudolph Valentino, as the Duke of Chartres, finds that Bebe Daniels, as Princess Henriette, loves him for the man he is at heart, not for the prince he is by birth.

A MOVIE REVIEW

By ALVA TAYLOR

IN the history of moving pictures there has never been a man who took the admiration of men and the hearts of women so by storm as did Rudolph Valentino. From the time several years ago when this olive-skinned, liquid-eyed, Spanish-Italian youth first tangoed his way into fame in The Four Horsemen, he has received the adulation of multitudes of moving picture fans. Then Valentino left the screen.

For two years a hungry public awaited his return. When at last they heard that he was making a new picture for Paramount they rejoiced. When they heard that the new picture was to be Monsieur Beaucaire they were delighted. Here was a book written by one of the most popular and clever American writers, Booth Tarkington, a success in book form, a success on the stage, and bound to be a super-success on the screen, since it would be hard to spoil both Tarkington and Valentino.

No one could be disappointed in Monsieur Beaucaire. It is a great picture. The excellence of the story will not be contended. Tarkington has seen to that by contributing a fascinating tale set in the court of Louis XV. of France. The picture is masterfully directed by Sidney Olcott. Into it Valentino has put all his charm, all his power, to make the heart beats of the feminine portion of the audience exceed the amatory speed limit, and all his fine acting.

For Valentino is more than a shatterer of female hearts. His histrionic abilities do not stop with his mastery of the art of love making. He is an actor in every sense of the word.

No one who saw him in the boyhood scene in Blood and Sand can refute this.

The fact that Monsieur Beaucaire is a costume drama should not cause any of you who ordinarily avoid this type of picture any alarm. For this is a picture chock-full of romance and absorbing bit of fiction against a background of the Eighteenth Century French court, where the pleasure-loving Louis XV. provided himself with amusement, and the king's favorite, the Marquise de Pompadour, ruled France.

It is, of course, hardly probable that if Monsieur Beaucaire did not have the name of Rudolph Valentino at the head of the cast that the theater where the picture is shown would be besieged with patrons. The producers are doubtless not fooling themselves into believing that it is the fact that their picture is excellently conceived, directed, and photographed, and, on the whole, emphatically well worth while, that makes it a box office best seller. These virtues are not often enough appreciated.

The impression which people will take away with them will be not so much the excellent portrayal of King Louis by Lowell Sherman, and the good small bits contributed by Lois Wilson as "the most powerless woman in France, the queen," and by Paulette du Val, Bebe Daniels, and Doris Kenyon; not so much the high caliber of the picture in general as rather the scenes into which Valentino injects his charming personality.

The men will remember the sword battle, where he takes on four or five adversaries at once. The women will take away the memory of Rudolph twanging the strings of an Eighteenth Century instrument, casting the while glances at the ladies of the court, the grace of his dancing, or the powerful figure he presents, as, stripped to the waist and surrounded by his followers, he awaits the "warming" of his shirt.

NEXT WEEK: Tom Mix and "Tony" in
The Last of the Duanes

Tom Corbin Acquires a Times Square Polish, and Pansi, Trying to Relinquish Jazz, Discovers That Love Knows No Geography, in This Final Installment of the Serial

A LITTLE BIT of BROADWAY

By RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by R. G. JONES

"Hello, kid," he said, and his voice was changed, too. "How's the little Bimbo?"

PART IV

PANSI was reading a theatrical magazine on the front porch the day after the fight. Her high heeled, lattice work pumps rested on the porch rail; her silk dress was extremely unrural. Something she saw made her toss the magazine away and rush into the house to administer a hasty first aid to her nose with powder. Tom Corbin was coming up the path, and, to her surprise, she saw that he was dressed in his best black suit, and, furthermore, that it had been pressed. An imitation leather suitcase was in one hand, a bunch of zinnias in the other. She greeted him with a nervous gayety.

"Where's the funeral?" she asked. "Or is it a wedding?"

"No," Tom answered, in a measured voice, "it isn't a funeral and it isn't a wedding."

"Then why the trick clothes?"

Tom dropped his eyes to the home-done shine on his shoes.

"I'm going away," he said, gravely.

"Away? Far?"

"Yes. Far."

"Be gone long?"

"Yes."

"But what's the big notion?" Pansi asked.

Tom continued to inspect his shoes.

"I'm going to take some courses in an agricultural college," he said.

"But I thought you already graduated from one."

"I did. But I want to take some advanced work."

"Near here?"

Tom shook his head.

"Back east. Cornell, in New York state, I guess. I'm not sure."

"But that won't keep you away so awful long, will it?"

"I don't know. Maybe four months. Maybe longer."

She looked up at him and, for Pansi DeLanoy of the Winter Garden, she was surprisingly timid.

"I'll miss you," she said.

"O, you won't have much trouble managing the farm now that fall is coming," he said. "And anyhow I've told Luke Adkins, who's going to look after my place, to come over here every day and see if your mother wants anything done."

"I'll miss you just the same," said Pansi.

"You're not going back to Broadway soon, then?" For the first time his tone was slightly animated.

"Not yet awhile," Pansi told him.

Tom said nothing, but he held out the hand with the bunch of flowers in it.

"For ma?" asked Pansi.

"No," he said. "For you! Good-by. There's my train whistling."

He turned away and went down the path and she stood on the porch holding the flowers in her hand.

SNOW was on the corn fields. The barbed wire fences wore white wigs and whiskers. Locks of snow hung from the eaves of the Delaney farmhouse. Mustaches of snow festooned the windows. In the warm kitchen Mrs. Delaney knitted and her daughter kneaded. There was a soothing smell of baking in the little house

"Tch, tch, tch, tch," Mrs. Delaney was making that sound with her lips which signifies amazement.

"I never thought I'd make a housewife of you, Annie," said Mrs. Delaney.

"Neither did I," said she who had been Pansi DeLanoy of the Theatre Nouveau, kneading vigorously. "Anyhow, you didn't have much to do with it. I did it myself."

"That's the part that's hardest to understand," mused Mrs. Delaney. "I can't get over the way you've changed in the last three months."

Pansi smiled.

"Do you think it shows?" she asked.

"Of course it does," her mother answered. "Why, I'll bet your New York friends wouldn't know you. And I'm glad of it. Your hair looks so much nicer—and, well, decent-like—

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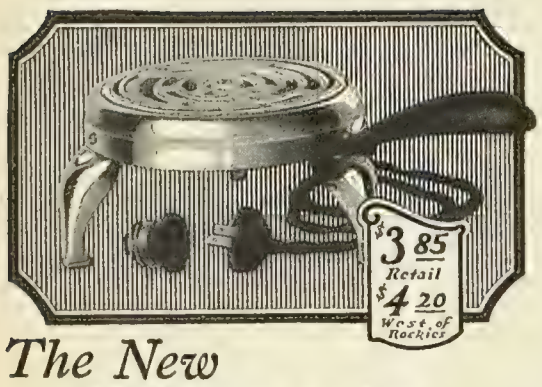

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

since you began doing it that simple way. Mrs. Adkins was saying so only yesterday.

"How'd she like the ginger bread I made for the church fair?"

"She said she never tasted better," replied Mrs. Delaney, "and she said all the ladies down at the church were saying how much sweeter you look since you left off using so much store complexion."

Again Pansi smiled.

"Did they say anything about my new dress?" she asked.

"The little gray one you made yourself?"

"Yes."

"They liked it a lot," her mother told her.

"They've all been mighty nice to me," said Pansi, "lately. I'm glad they like the dress. I think it is the cow's tiara myself. O, I forgot. I'm a Walnut City girl now. They don't talk like that, do they?"

"You're a funny child, Annie," said her mother. Then she added, "I wish Tom Corbin could see you now."

The kneading stopped.

"What's the matter, Annie? Your face is so red."

"It's the heat of the stove," said Pansi.

"Tom's been away a long time," remarked Mrs. Delaney.

"Three months and twenty-seven days," answered Pansi promptly.

HER mother glanced at her quizzically.

"How did you happen to remember that?" Mrs. Delaney asked.

Pansi thumped the dough with her little fists. She did not reply. Presently she said:

"O, ma."

"What, dear?"

"Read me some more, will you?"

Mrs. Delaney laid aside an embryo wool stocking and adjusted her steel rimmed spectacles.

"Someone's at the door," she said. They heard the clumping of feet on the porch as someone stamped snow from shoes. They heard a knock, a loud, aggressive knock.

"Come in," called Pansi.

A man, powdered by the snow, burst into the room.

"Why, Tom Corbin, when did you get back?" cried Pansi. Then she stopped, alarmed. The man looked like Tom Corbin, and yet he didn't. It was a Tom Corbin grown older, a Tom Corbin with a new look on his face—a sharper, less boyish look.

"Hello, kid," he said, and his voice was changed, too. "I just blew in from Chi on the rattler. How's the little bimbo?"

He blew a kiss toward Mrs. Delaney.

"How goes it?" he asked, jauntily.

Pansi and her mother stared at this snowy apparition.

"Just wait till I park this benny and I'll be in your midst," he said. He appeared to be referring to his coat. It was a terrific overcoat, a sophisticated overcoat, almost an obscene overcoat. In color it was canary yellow, and it was measled over with pearl buttons the size of boarding house pancakes; a belt strangled it at the waist. He saw Pansi's astonished eyes watching him.

"Well, kid, how do you like the scenery?" he asked. "I picked it up at Blum's Broadway Toggery. Class, eh? You might at least say it's the bee's bicycle."

Pansi was regarding him as if he were a three headed calf or some other phenomenon not frequently encountered.

"Why, Tom," she said. "You're so—so different."

He laughed.

"I've snapped out of my fog, baby. That's all," he said.

TOM took a chair with an easy urbanity, crossed one well pressed trouser leg over another, displaying three inches of clocked silk sock as he did so. With no trace of his old self-consciousness he adjusted his necktie—a vehemently striped affair of red and gold.

"Tom," Pansi managed to say, "what on earth have you been doing to your hair?"

"I use Shine-so," he said. "All the boys along Broadway do."

"The boys along Broadway? What do you mean? I thought you went to agricultural college."

"Agricultural college? You tell 'em, rouge, my lipstick. No, I didn't go to agricultural college, dearie. That college stuff was all a stall. It wasn't crops I needed to know about. It was life. So I went to a better college to study it."

"Where?"

"Little old Broadway," he said.

Pansi was studying his face with round eyes.

"Let's go into the parlor, Tom," she said. "I want to hear all about it."

He followed her into the parlor.

"Say," he remarked, "you don't call me 'papa' any more."

"I've dropped a lot of those Broadway tricks," said Pansi. "Somehow they don't fit out here."

"Say, what's happened to you, anyhow? You're so pale."

"I cut down the rouge ration," she said.

"And your hair is different. It's just the way the girls around here do it."

"You seem to know a lot more about girls than you did," she remarked.

He winked at her. She thought of Roy Terwilliger.

"And you're so—well—so subdued, if you know what I mean," he said.

"I do know what you mean, Tom. I'm glad you noticed it. I wanted you to."

A slight frown crossed his face.

"You mean you want to be like the rest of the Walnut City girls?" he asked.

"Not exactly," said Pansi. "But I am trying to be less jazzy than I was. You ought to taste my biscuits. Can't I get you one? They've just been made."

"And do you make biscuits, too?" Tom asked.

"Yes, I do," said Pansi proudly.

"Never mind," said Tom, with no enthusiasm. "The biscuits can wait."

"Tell me what you've been doing," she said.

"IT'S you I want to talk about," said Tom Corbin. "Somehow I can't get the big scenario of you wanting to be like the frails around this hick town."

"Tom, where did you ever learn to talk like that?"

"Didn't I just tell you? Broadway."

"But what on earth were you doing on Broadway?"

She hated the way he winked at her.

"Seeing life," he said. "I lived at the Hotel De Haven."

"That place! O, Tom——"

"Sure, why not? That's where the sports hang out. And I know 'em all now, kid. I met all your old gang—Larry, Eddie, Mae, Goldie——"

"*You did?*"

"Yeah. They give me the merry ha-ha at first, but when they found I had jack to spend they decided I was regular, and we heaved some life-sized parties, I'll tell the cock-eyed world."

Pansi, watching him closely, said nothing. She was thinking of Marty Hess. Tom thought she was admiring his suit.

"Like the suitings?" he asked. "They set me back sixty flags."

"There's another suit you wear that's more becoming," said Pansi.

"What do you mean?"

"Your blue work clothes."

Tom laughed a laugh that sounded jarring to her.

"Now you're broadcasting from station KID," he said. "The gang told me you always had you're kidding clothes on."

"But I meant it," said Pansi, soberly.

"Mean you like me better dressed as a Hiram?"

She nodded. He winked his newly acquired wink; he plainly considered her statement a waggish one.

"No more dungarees for little Thomas," he said. "I'm through with denim. I've milked my last cow. I've kissed your friend Al Falfa good-by."

"You don't mean you're going to give up farming?"

"It doesn't take baby long to catch on to things, does it?" he said. "Certainly I'm going to

Pansi did not feel the cold any more. A brown mackinaw is very warm.

give up farming. I'd be a sucker to stick at it, clearing a few thousand a year, when ginks like Larry and Eddie and Marty are rolling in the sugar in barrels. New York's where the easy money grows."

"Would you be content to make your money the way Larry and Eddie and the rest of them make it?" Pansi asked.

"Sure. And spend it the same way, too."

"What did you think of doing?" asked Pansi; she felt a deadness inside her.

"O, I don't know," he said, airily. "Perhaps take a whirl at the real estate game, buying and selling options on apartment houses; Eddie's friend, Al Gross, mints jack in that game. Al offered to take me in with him, if I sweetened the pot with a little cash. I could get twenty thousand for my farm. Al says with a little cash and a little experience I could climb into the Ritz class in no time."

"At the end of a year," said Pansi, "you'd have the experience but Al would have the cash."

"You don't know me, dearie," demurred Tom.

"I know Al," said Pansi.

Tom moved from the rocking chair where he had been sitting to a place beside her on the horsehair sofa.

"Come on, sweetie," he said; "don't look at me as if I was the landlord. Can't you slip a smile to papa?"

She tried to smile, but the attempt was not a success. He reached out his hand and took hers. For a part of a second he seemed to be the timid young man she had known; but his words dispelled that illusion.

"Don't hand me a chill, kid," he said.

She drew her hand away. His lips tightened.

"Say, are you trying to wear the high hat with me?" he demanded. "On Broadway icy mammas that pull the refrigerator stuff get knocked for a loop."

WINTER dusk was upon them, and the ruddy glow of coals behind the isinglass door of the parlor stove was the only light in the room.

"This isn't Broadway," said Pansi DeLanoy; there was little spirit in her voice.

"I wish it was," said Tom Corbin.

"I don't," said Pansi.

"What? Say, you must be sick or some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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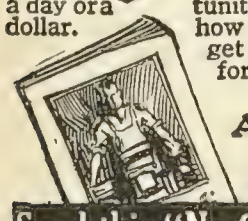

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

thing. Don't tell me you're off Broadway."

"No," said Pansi, "I'm on to it. That's all."

"I don't make you, Pansi."

"I've seen what Broadway does to folks," she said.

"Folks? What folks?"

"*You*, Tom Corbin!" said Pansi.

Tom frowned.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Before you went away," Pansi replied, "I was beginning to get to—to like you, Tom. I'd never met a man like you before. You didn't dress or talk like the men I'd been used to, you didn't think like them, either. You were so straight, and—and you respected me. I thought you were the real thing, Tom."

"Well, what am I now?"

"YOU'RE just like all the rest of them," she said; her tone was crushed; she was clenching her fists tightly. He stood up and paced the faded carpet.

"Well, what about you?" he fired at her.

"What about me?"

"Before I left," he said, and his voice was more Iowa than New York now, "I was beginning to get to—to like you. I'd never met a girl like you before. You had so much life; you were so bright, always laughing and saying funny things; you were so different. Just when I was beginning to think I'd have to marry some girl from around here and settle down to a hum-drum life with her you came along. You were like a ray of light, Pansi. You opened up a new world for me. And now——"

"Well, Tom?"

"Now you're just like all the rest of them. You used to think I was slow. Well, I'm not as slow as I used to be. I know more about people. It didn't take me more than half an hour to see that the thing I liked in you was gone."

"The thing I liked in you is gone, too, Tom," said Pansi. She arose. "I guess you'd better go now. I've got to start getting supper."

Tom fumbled in the inside pocket of his smartly cut tan suit; then he held out toward Pansi two long green strips of paper.

"They're tickets back to Broadway," he said. "I bought them today. They're good on the express that leaves Walnut City at ten twenty-nine tomorrow morning. They're two of them, you see."

"I see," said Pansi. "But you'll only need to use one of them now, Tom. I'm sorry."

She held out a small hand to him.

"Let's be friends anyhow," she said. "Perhaps you'll send me a post card sometimes from Times Square."

"Perhaps," said Tom Corbin. "Good-by."

Mrs. Delaney heard a sound in the kitchen; someone was kneading dough furiously and sobbing as she kneaded.

There was an eastbound train leaving Walnut City that morning at three minutes to ten, and a lone passenger paced the otherwise deserted platform in the snow. Although it was cold, she wore absurdly thin green silk stockings with the very latest French open work on them.

Sam Hatch, the station agent, would have been sorely puzzled at this strange bird of passage if he had not known that it was the Delaney girl, who had been on the stage and could not, therefore, be expected to know that a stagey, red complexion, plucked and penciled eyebrows, and an outlandish costume like that were looked upon with dubious eyes in so quiet a community as Walnut City.

"How much is a ticket to New York?" she asked him.

He told her, and added. "But I wouldn't take the nine fifty-seven if I was you, Miss Delaney. There's a better train at ten twenty-three."

"I don't want to go on that train," she said, and her voice was as cold as the icicles that hung from the station's gutters. "Can I send a telegram from here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

HE handed her a blank, and then read back to her the words she had written:

"Martin J. Hess,
"Hotel De Haven,
"Broadway, New York.
"Will arrive at Grand Central Station midnight Thursday. PANSI."

"Yes. You've got it straight," she said, dully.

He counted her change and pushed it under the wicket to her.

"Cold day, ain't it?" remarked Sam.

"Cold as yesterday's soup," she replied, without smiling.

He turned from the window, and she heard the click-click-click of the telegraph instrument.

Pansi returned to the station platform again; seemingly she did not heed the cold. She heard another sound, not unlike the telegraph instrument, and yet louder. Down the hill toward the station a battered farm truck was coming, piled high with crates of eggs; a man in rough work clothes, with a thick brown mackinaw, an ancient fur cap and red mittens was piloting the car. It panted through the snow, stopped at the platform, and she heard the squeak as the driver pulled back the emergency brake.

The man took off his fur cap as he saw her. It was Tom Corbin, and she saw that he had not greased his hair that morning. She returned the bow frigidly.

"Pansi," he was speaking to her.

"Well?"

He was holding one of his red mittens in his mouth that his bare hand might be free to hold out to her a long, green strip of paper.

"If you haven't bought your ticket," said Tom Corbin, "you might as well use this. It's only good on the ten twenty-three."

"Thank you," she returned. "I have my ticket. I'm going on the nine fifty-seven. It's due in five minutes. If you're going on the ten twenty-three you'll have to hustle."

"I'm not going on the ten twenty-three," said Tom. "I'm not going on any train."

"You're not—but you said you were——"

"I've said a lot of foolish things," Tom Corbin answered. "And done a lot of foolish ones, too. But I've got some sense left. I'm going to stay on the farm, where I belong, just as you're going back to Broadway, where you belong."

"How do you know I'm going back to Broadway, Tom Corbin?"

"I came round to your house this morning," he said, contemplating his mitten.. "You'd just left. Your ma told me."

"Why did you come round to the house?" she asked. She seemed to be feeling the cold now, for her lips trembled.

Tom looked straight at her.

"I was afraid you were going away," he said. "Before you went I wanted to tell you I'm not the fool you must think I am."

"No? Aren't you?" There was a trace of the old Pansi in the way she said it.

He stood groping for words.

"A fellow ought to be himself," he said slowly. "Not something nature never meant him to be. I'm cut out to be a farmer—a Hiram, you'd call me—and not a Broadway sport. So I'm going to be a farmer."

SHE was looking at him and her eyes were filled with a soft brightness.

"I've thought the same way about myself," she said. "I'm myself, Pansi DeLanoy. I can't be anybody else. I don't want to be. I've been a fool, too, Tom."

"But why did you do it? Why did you try not to be Pansi DeLanoy?" he asked, huskily.

"Why did you try not to be Tom Corbin?" she retorted. "Why did you try to be a Broadway man?"

"Pansi," he said, "I did it because I thought—I thought you'd like me better that way."

"And *I* did it," she said, "because I thought you didn't—didn't like me as Pansi DeLanoy."

"I don't like you as Pansi DeLanoy," said Tom Corbin in his deepest voice. "I love you as Pansi DeLanoy."

Pansi did not feel the cold any more. A brown mackinaw is very warm.

There was a shrill tooting down the track.

"Here's your train for Broadway," said Tom Corbin.

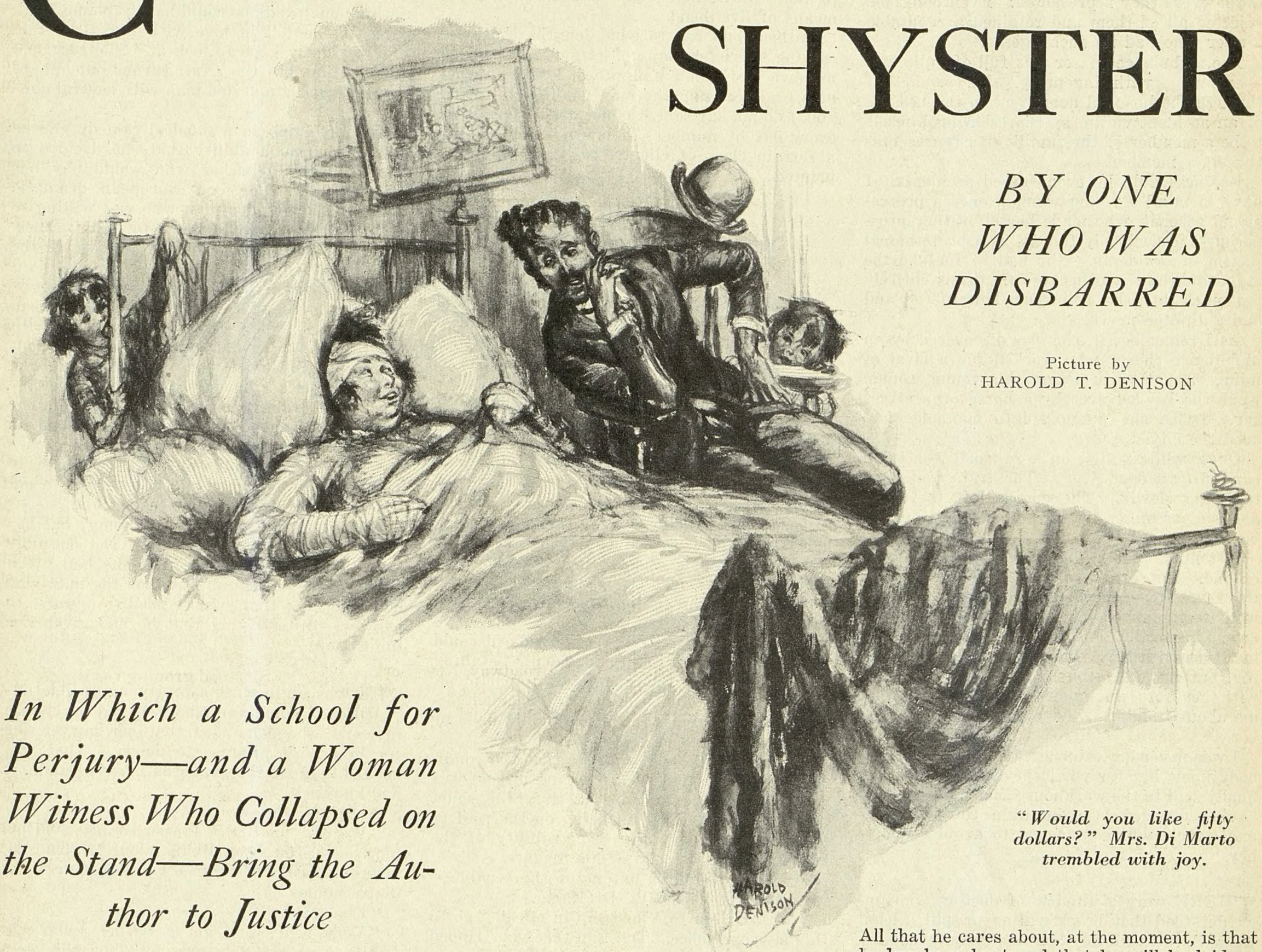
"O," laughed Pansi DeLanoy, "to hell with it."

THE END

CONFESSIONS *of a* SHYSTER

BY ONE WHO WAS DISBARRED

Picture by
HAROLD T. DENISON



"Would you like fifty dollars?" Mrs. Di Marto trembled with joy.

In Which a School for Perjury—and a Woman Witness Who Collapsed on the Stand—Bring the Author to Justice

In preceding installments of these revelations the author has told how quick and easy wealth followed his lapse from professional honor and has laid bare the machinery of dubious methods set in motion by disreputable members of his profession.

In the final installment of his confessions, he unmasks the relations of the ambulance chasers, the crooked lawyers, and the victims of "artificial accidents," and relates the episode which brought about his downfall.

PART IV

IN the first part of my story I referred to the ambulance chaser. One does not hear the term so much these days, because that particularly obnoxious, although often clever, adjunct of the shyster lawyer's business, has been pretty well squelched by the bar associations.

He used to do a thriving business in utter frankness. He used to take great pride in his results and resented but little being called an ambulance chaser.

He was, figuratively and sometimes literally, what the term implies—a chaser of ambulances. But naturally he would not forever be on the scene of the accidents and actually follow the ambulance, so he either stationed himself at the gates of large hospitals or had the gateman or some clerk in the receiving ward on his staff.

Sometimes he was a student in a law firm's office hoping in this manner to finance himself while he prepared for admission to the bar. In some cases he was actually a lawyer—a young one learning the game and not being overburdened with scruples. Oftener he was merely a clerk in a law office content to be an ambulance chaser and without ambition to practice law.

Many of these latter youths knew all the police court jurisprudence necessary to practice. They were shrewd, cunning, brazen, and utterly impervious to rebuff and insult. For unadulterated gall these lads took all prizes.

Let us say, for example, that the ambulance fetched to the hospital one Luigi Pardello who, while crossing the street, was knocked down and injured by a street car or a team or an automobile. Luigi's knowledge of English is something less than rudimentary. All that he cares about, at the moment, is that he has been hurt and that he will be laid up in the hospital for some time. Perhaps he will never be able to earn money again.

Luigi is taken into the receiving ward. Perhaps one of the nurses or one of the medical internes is on the staff of one of the ambulance chasers who storm the door. Such a chaser gets to Luigi first. The ambulance chaser is solicitous. Why, he is in tears. If Luigi is conscious the work is quickly done.

Through the interpreter, if necessary, the victim is told:

"I am your friend. You have a large sum of money due you from the street car company. I will be your lawyer. I got a thousand dollars for a man yesterday and ten thousand the day before."

Luigi nods weakly. He has a lawyer now. Immediately the shyster opens negotiations with the traction company and in many cases the matter never reaches the courts. The traction people offer two hundred dollars. The lawyer accepts. Luigi, still a near-wreck, gets one hundred dollars and signs another paper—the release. And that's that. Not, however, that it is always so easy.

There are more important accident cases where the injured are wiser than Luigi, and

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they had to be handled accordingly. I remember one case—a woman injured in an elevator in a department store—where eight or ten ambulance chasers tried to induce her to retain the lawyers they represented. Eventually she rejected all of them and retained a reputable lawyer who had no such agents.

The ambulance chaser was full of guile and overflowing with ingenuity. He would get through the hospital doors and to the bedside of an accident victim by representing himself to be a member of the family or a representative of a member.

Business dull, he even staged accidents. I have in mind a young woman, once a professional acrobat, who made herself rather prosperous and decidedly famous as a professional victim of accidents. She had to forsake the stage and the circus because she drank entirely too much, but she still knew how to fall and had unlimited nerve.

As I remember it, she was discovered by an ambulance chaser who worked for a rival of mine. About twice a year this young woman would be bowled over by a horse or a street car. Twice she plunged into manholes and sued the city.

Once, while riding on a railroad, the train ran into an open frog. The train had been traveling slowly. The engine left the track and the passengers were rather rudely shaken, but none was hurt.

Not hurt, that is, by the derailment of the engine. But our acrobatic lady was a swift thinker. Here was a grand chance. She immediately plunged her arm through the window. Naturally she took great chances, but luck was with her. The cuts were nasty looking, but not dangerous. The railroad settled with her for two hundred dollars. She told me about it later. She hadn't needed a lawyer.

I was never her attorney. Eventually everybody knew her for what she was and she was finally sent to the workhouse as a vagrant after having plunged in front of a United States mail truck, which managed to avoid striking her.

THERE were a number of doctors who understood that I was willing to split a legal fee with them for any business they turned my way. The usual manner of working this graft was this:

The doctor, in a hospital or out, would have an accident case.

"See here," he'd say, "you've got a good chance to sue these people responsible for your injuries. Now, here's a slip of paper in which you agree to have this lawyer handle your case for you. Sign it and I'll turn it over to him. Of course, you don't have to and I'm a pretty busy man and haven't much time to waste. I can bring you around in fine shape if you'll do what I tell you. If you don't care to sign—well, as I said, I'm a pretty busy man."

That sounds pretty crude, doesn't it? Nevertheless it worked. As soon as this doctor turned the case over to me I would pay him ten dollars, which was more than he was likely to get out of the patient, particularly if it was a public ward hospital case.

Then, if I was successful in getting damages for a coerced client, I'd give the doctor more, depending upon the amount of the damages. I usually gave the low-intelligence client twenty-five per cent of the sum I had won in court or was given by the defendant's claim adjuster.

The bar associations today have a rather loosely drawn line beyond which a lawyer may not go in the pursuit of business. I say loosely drawn because it is just that.

Let it be a hard and fast rule that a lawyer may not solicit business in any manner and at least half of those now practicing would have to take down their signs and turn to other means of livelihood.

Rather than say to what lengths the brief seeking barrister may go, let me hark back to my own day at law and cite at least one common practice which he may not follow. Mind you, I do not say that it is not done. It is done every day by numbers of lawyers. I had, for a certain class of clients, cards of this sort printed:

Jacob ————
Attorney-at-law
Will keep your secrets and take
your case on a percentage basis.

These cards I distributed among waiters, janitors, policemen, mechanics, longshoremen, firemen, and so on, giving the recipients to understand they would share in the profits of any business they fetched me. Tenement house janitors or some more intelligent dweller in a tenement house were the most prolific of results, because sooner or later all news came to the ears of the neighbors.

FOR example, Mrs. Di Marto broke her arm or cut her hand or sprained her ankle. She had tripped over a loose floor board inside her rooms. Or maybe the tenement window had fallen on her arm. Or perhaps plaster had dropped from the ceiling, knocking her down and ripping her scalp.

At that time the New York landlord could not be held responsible for accidents befalling the tenant within the tenant's own apartment. He was legally liable only if the accident occurred on the stairs or in the public halls or the fire escape or on the roof.

Of course, one had to prove that the condition of the halls, stairs, fire escape, or roof was dangerous and one had to satisfy the court that one was justified in being on the roof or fire escape. Today the responsibility of the landlord enters the flat of his tenants.

My agent—janitor or one of the tenants—would confer with Mrs. Di Marto.

"Mrs. Di Marto," he'd say in effect, "go to this lawyer's office. Tell him that you tripped over that broken step on the first flight."

"But," says the somewhat dull Mrs. Di Marto, "I tripped over the baby in my kitchen."

"Would you like fifty dollars?"

Mrs. Di Marto trembled with joy.

"Well, then do what I tell you."

So Mrs. Di Marto became my client and we had an excellent claim for damages. It often worked and the landlord would pay anything from a hundred to two hundred dollars rather than go to court. Particularly was this true if he couldn't swing enough political influence to stave off the jury's indignation. Juries are and have been the enemies of landlords and unless Mrs. Di Marto's landlord had the ear of the district leader he was out of luck.

I have in a general way and with a few incidental cases given you the idea of the way I practiced law. I knew, of course, that I was headed for trouble, but the only concern I had was that I should avoid jail.

I managed to stay on the safe side of the line for the most part, but my finish as a lawyer was inevitable so far as the bar association was concerned. I was disbarred, as I said at the outset, for subornation of perjury. It grew out of a case only a shyster would handle.

The woman was American born, but of Spanish parents. She was left an orphan at fourteen and her father, on his deathbed, had named a business associate—an Italian—to be her guardian.

The guardian was faithful to his trust for a while, but (and one could hardly blame him) presently he fell in love with the girl. She was extremely good to look at. She returned his affection, but the affair turned out unhappily. He was a married man with several children.

She got a job in a musical comedy chorus and showed such ability that she decided to seek a financial backer who would pay her expenses in some good European dramatic school. She found a man who was willing to post five thousand dollars for this cause. Indeed, she prevailed upon him to give her the money outright.

Her guardian had gone into bankruptcy. She knew this, of course, but it didn't mean much to her. She was very much in love with him and had no compunctions whatever about betraying the man who had been foolish enough to let her have five thousand dollars.

So she promptly, at the request of her guardian, turned over the five thousand to him, and he assured her that he'd take care of it for her. He appropriated the money to his own use and when she was unable to get any of it she lost her fondness for him.

She threatened suit for the money, but her lawyer (not I) discovered that she not only lacked a receipt showing that she had given him the five thousand, but that the man who had given her that sum refused to promise to help her by testifying that he had given her the money.

SHE was up against a pretty impossible situation. Convinced that she had no chance in court, she demanded that her lawyer sue for breach of promise to marry. That was absurd because the man was married and she had known it.

And then she came to me.

"We can fix that," I assured her. "How long have you been living alone? That is, how long has it been since you left your guardian's home?"

"Five years."

"Very well, we'll get a witness who will testify that she was present when this man promised to divorce his wife and marry you. You will produce testimony to the effect that you turned down other chances because of this and incidentally we shall tell the jury that you did have five thousand dollars and that you lent it to him when he promised to divorce his wife for you."

We went to it on those grounds.

Unhappily our star witness—the young woman who was testifying that she heard the defendant promise to divorce his wife and marry my client—collapsed on the stand and admitted the lie. She was indicted for perjury. My client's case fell flat. I was brought before the grievance committee of the bar association and disbarred.

The witness who had perjured herself was never tried, the indictment being dropped for some reason or other. I lost interest in her as well as the legal profession.

And thus I ceased to be a lawyer.

But I had fifty or sixty thousand dollars in the bank.

Of course, the moral should be that I came to grief, as all malefactors should. But actually I didn't. I have made good in business—and honestly.

THE END

PRIDE OF CLEANLINESS

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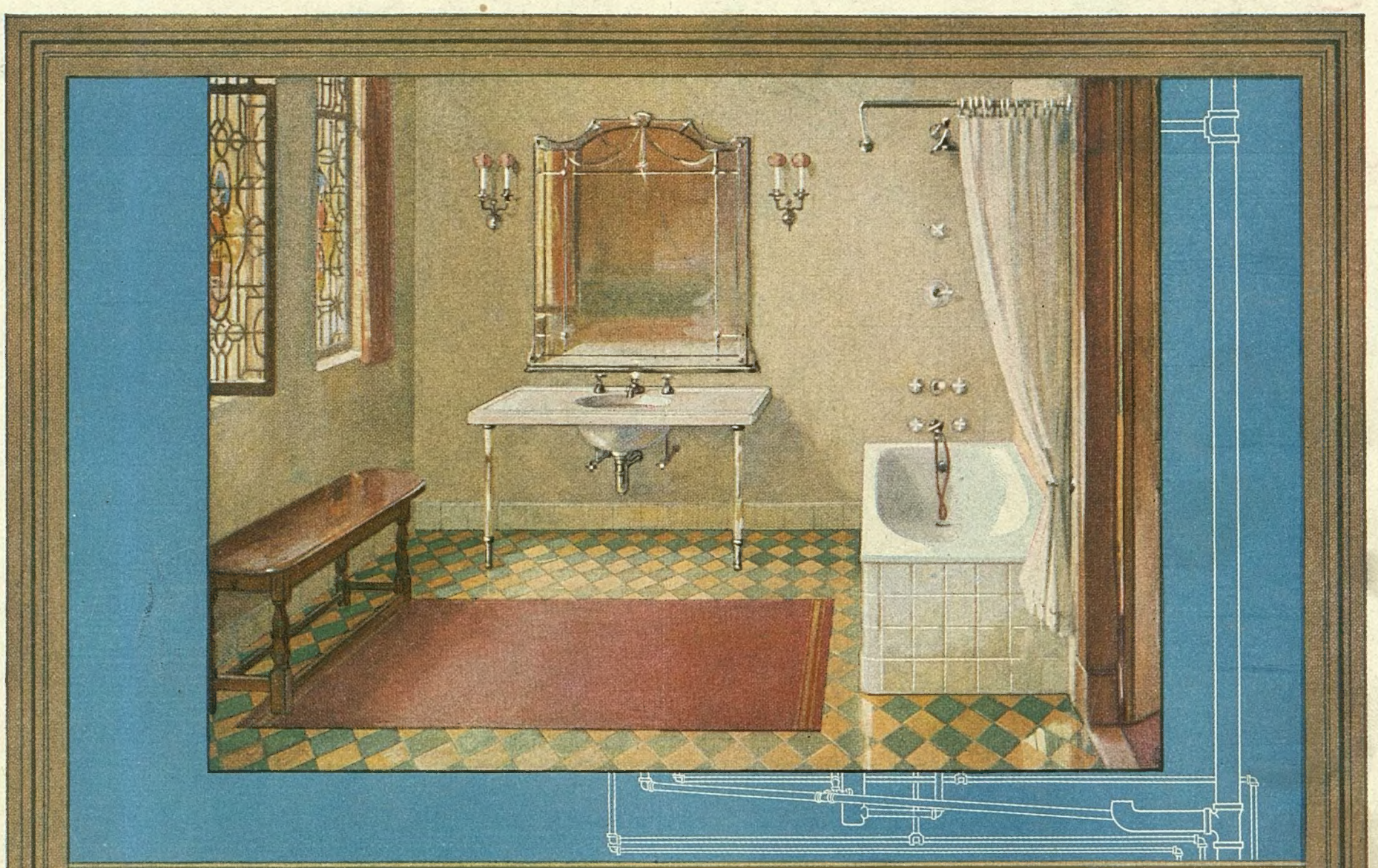

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